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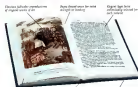


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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DOUGLAS KENNEY

ROBERT SAM Amundsen wrote on my late brother-in-law, Douglas Kenney ("The Life and Death of a Comic Genius," October), was factual, very moving, and also accurate to me. Doug and I were as close as distance and life-style would allow. I miss him very much.

When I last began dating his late brother, Dan, Doug was the heavy little kid you see in one of the published magazines, yet there was an enormous amount of mutual admiration between the two Kenney boys, a love once the family never seemed to understand.

As he grew older and funnier, Doug would join Dan and me for long hours of conversation and laughter. And when Dan and I moved to Baltimore, Doug would visit for weekends on holidays. During Dan's last year, Doug provided a sweetness and a comfort for his ailing brother that are hard to describe. He was a good friend. I'm relieved to think that Doug may have had a chance to get closer to his parents. Because I know his feelings of guilt over Dan's death. And I also know that he loved his lovely very much—a family whose members found it difficult to show affection, no matter how much they felt.

After Dan's death, it was Doug who kept in touch with me. Doug who spent time with me to weed all the landmines. We both felt the same grief and guilt, although it was, typically, unspoken. How ironic that both Kenney boys would be on that August day, too young, too full of promise, both on the threshold of happy, fulfilling lives. I'm sure he and Dan are together somewhere, still laughing over those terrible jokes. I miss them both.

Sandra R. Kenney
Gwynedd, Md.

CONGRATULATIONS On your October issue featuring Doug Kenney. Doug returned to Gaius Academy, has a new address, in June 1979 to give the commencement address. In his talk he remembered with special affection his memory, wishes and good friend, Brother Roy Ripen. As Doug could the graduates, Brother Roy always asked these conversations with this advice: "Take care of yourself. Love yourself as much as you can, so you can love the rest of the world." These words have a special poignancy in Doug's own life.

To keep the memory of this notable

student alive, we are working on a proposal for a Doug Kenney memorial at Gaius Academy—a building for our music and drama departments to be named in his honor. We think this would be a fitting tribute to a brilliant young man.

Brother Robert E. Larrick, CSC
Gaius Academy
Gwynedd, Md.

ROBERT SAM Amundsen did a whole of a job on his meticulously researched piece on the life and death of comedy writer Doug Kenney. There were a few signs in logic, though (*United House* is the top grossing comedy of all time; therefore, it must have been written by someone).

It's possible that Kenney himself knew better. Maybe—just maybe—that pop psychology in *Laughing* crowd had nowhere to go but down. Caddyshack II, Airball II, Jaws or Jaws 2, Kenney's *Laughing* pieces will in many ways seem as dated as Amundsen's *Doggy* (only *Gaius* in Uniform, Bare Necessities Academy?) seems today.

Larry McClain
New York, N.Y.

FOR THE RECORD

IN THE interview with Bill Goldman on the craft of the screenwriter ("Golf-Cart," Eugene Fritt, December), October, Goldman remembers that his first screenplay was adapting David Key's "Flowers for Algernon" from the short-story version to a screenplay for me. His regrets do not end. I had no contact with anyone to make the movie and simply put him out of my own pocket in significant five-figure sum. I might as well. Our relationship was a cordial one, though I expressed a certain concern that, as a parent born, the screenplay was not appropriate for production. There were no hard feelings, the money was paid. A considerable amount of time later, AEC Paramount Pictures agreed to make the picture and hired Sterling Silliphant to write it.

At the same time, Bill called me to say that he had not done a working job and offered to do it again, for free, if I would give him the manuscript. Of course, I had to turn him down. Sterling had been hired, the rest is history. However, it should be noted that I let no one "steal" Bill Goldman and "steal" Sterling Silliphant. Indeed, I was touched by Bill's offer and regretted not being able to take him up on it.

Bill also assisted his very first film-making experience, prior to the "Flowers" episode. First signed to do a movie for United Artists, *Magnum*. The producer of the film, Michael Rojce, was looking for a screenwriter to rewrite the script. I suggested that he contact a New York friend of mine, William Goldman. When I told Bill of my suggestion, he was understandably apprehensive about doing a rewrite, never having done such work before. I assured him he could do it. Subsequently, Bill met Bill in New York and hired him to work on *Magnum*. And it was on the basis of his work on *Magnum* that I later asked Bill to adapt "Flowers for Algernon."

I have the highest regard for Bill's work and character—and simply want to keep the record clear.

Chf. Robertson
New York, N.Y.

THE AFFORDABLE SINATRA

THIS is in response to Bob Green's positive piece "A Man and His Music" (American Beat, October). Nearly eight years ago I was a Frank Sinatra fan. For various reasons—financial, for one—I didn't think I'd ever get to see him in person. Then, in the paper, I read that Frank Jr. would be appearing nearby. And I could go see the "affordable" Sinatra, it wasn't the real thing, but it was close, right?

Out walked this lovely-looking man—polished, totally at ease. He had impeccable taste. First-class material; it was a wonderful show. I came away enlightened, a Frank Sinatra Jr. fan.

No, I wouldn't have gone to see him if I hadn't been for it. But I did see him, and not that the point? So how what? I didn't get to hear him. He and his voice can mean eight years older, richer, he's sure to be ongoing better than ever. But it has been decided just what kind of music will be made available to me, and Frank's isn't it. None of us who love such music—and there are scores of us—get to hear him. Instead, we get to read well-written, top-quality articles such as Green's and feel lonely, while Sinatra Jr. just keeps on going.

Robin Solomon
Pittsford, Pa.

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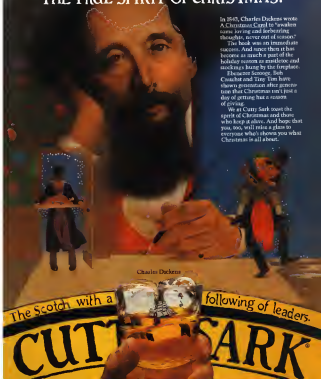
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In 1843, Charles Dickens wrote *A Christmas Carol* to "awaken those loving and liberating thoughts, never out of season."

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Thomas Scorsone, Bob Coacht and Tim Tim have shown generations after generations that Christmas isn't just a day of getting but a season of giving.

We at Catty Sark toast the spirit of Christmas and those who keep it alive. And hope that you, too, will raise a glass to everyone who's shown you what Christmas is all about.



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UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM

BY ADAM SMITH

THE RICH MAN'S PROBLEM

With all its billions, what's OPEC to do?

I RELY on a friend who likes to be called Aziz. He is a good reporter and he speaks Arabic, and that is a rare combination and helpful to someone like me who is trying to keep up with the oil and money flows in the Middle East. Aziz was between trips and we went to dinner. He likes good Chinese restaurants and Japanese steak houses. "It's still hard to get a man to the Gulf countries," Aziz said, "and it helps to speak Arabic because at least, when you get there, you blend right in. If you don't speak Arabic, you'd better be a tall, blond woman." "Tall, blond woman?" I asked. "Oh, blond women, not just any blonds. In the Persian Gulf, where there are few tall, blond women, Aziz had in mind a Gulf Arab woman, diplomat, and even president. Khaled's House, she is tall and blond and does well in the Middle East even though she does not speak Arabic. Which is not to say that she isn't smart, too.

I find it more profitable to worry off-nights and this is the off-season for worrying about OPEC and the money it is pulling up. It's off-season because there is no oil at the moment, which means that there are no gas stations here, and there are no extra three or four million barrels a day around. The smart idea on Wall Street said that oil stocks fell last year.

"The money is out of scale with anything else on the planet," Aziz said. "I know young executives in the United States who won't move to another part of the country because they can't afford a house at a new location. And then I go out to the top and meet these young Saudis and Kuwaitis. They are just a bit younger than I, they have been to school in the States—no USC or UCLA—and if they do I have a million dollars in five years, they're millionaires. If they go to work in a government country, they're millionaires because their gold down the road has already made a million. And for the ones in the private sector, a million is just for starters.



"The first thing they get is a house. Now, that's not small thing, the way prices have gone up. A house could cost a million but there's no income tax and there are also government loans, and sometimes a house is a perk with the job. Then they get a bank account out of the country."

Suddenly my words switched. That account out of the country? The price of houses in parts of California began to accelerate when Iranian money began arriving in the mid-1970s. There are Iranians who prospered with the shah's oil industry and oil-investment programs who are now living comfortably in London or Paris, earning a five-figure (20 percent) on the \$50 or \$30 million they managed to spend away before the bad days came. Right money is a four-figure, like north-bound spring rains. It tells you something.

I thought Saudi Arabia and Kuwait were huge and stable," I said. "Saudi Arabia and Kuwait are happy and

stable, comparatively," and Aziz. "I think they may make it. But these guys have some money out of the country, anyway. If you ask them about it, they say, 'Well, look at me, you never can ask.' They think of it as an insurance policy. There's so much money in the Middle East and the returns are so good in Zurich and London these days, that it is no strain to leave a little money, just a million or two, parked there.

"You know," he continued, "when you have that much money, it's hard to get people motivated—the old rich man's son syndrome. I went to look at the great petrochemicals and companies the Saudis are building in Jubail. There was a whole town there, nice little houses in nice estates, which some American construction firms had built. Nobody in there. Eventually foreigners will come and live in those houses and inside the complex. But few Saudis will live there or work there. They don't have to, actually.

They don't see these big land new ideas, town planning for foreigners who wouldn't speak the language and wouldn't work. The Americans and the Europeans got fat contracts to build the complex, and the Kuwaiti firm who actually lugged the steel pipe around will eventually go back to Kuwait, and then the Saudis will have a four-billion-city city populated by foreigners selling the product to foreigners and they will have spent some of their surplus wealth.

"The problem with having so much wealth is that it's hard to spend and it's corrupting. The Saudis and Kuwaitis who went to college in the United States fifteen years ago were still in touch with a decent society and they were a bit lonely here, and then they went home and with the oil-pump explosion they had to work hard to manage the money and the opportunities. Things are different for the current crop. If they come from trading families, they've grown up seeing Western

BY BOB GREENE

LIMO

On the toll roads of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, a fantasy stretches out

SOMEWHERE on the Indiana Toll Road, heading east, the sound of the FM radio station began to fade. This was a disappointment; the disc jockey for WVEF in Elkhart had just been exhorting his listeners to send in ten dollars each in an effort to help the station go private, and I was looking for an address so I could mail my money.

"Julius, we'd better find another station," I said.

My voice echoed in the vast back seat of the double-length, jet-black Lincoln Continental limousine. Outside the windows of the limo, the cornfields of Indiana were whizzing by.

"Yes, sir," came the voice of Julius Perkins, my chauffeur. A Toyota pulled up next to us. Like a Contina bearing a 747, and its occupants tried to stare into our window. But I did not look back; I just read my *Nat'l Street Journal* while Julius searched for another rock station.

IT HAD started as one of those dates that you give to yourself.

The air traffic controller strike was in its final days. I had a reporting trip scheduled to central Ohio, and getting there from Chicago in the confusion of the strike's beginning was not an appealing thought.

It was to be a four-day trip in eight-hour drive times. Chicago. The station called for something to break the monotony of the Indiana Toll Road and the Ohio Turnpike. My idea of the greatest luxury in life has always been the chauffeured limousine, and so in a while I would even treat myself to a limo ride to O'Hare International Airport. But a limousine for eight straight hours through beautiful Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio? And for four days in central Ohio during the trip?

The merits of Chicago Limousine Service said the tariff would be \$1,000, plus the chauffeur's hotel and meal expenses in Ohio, plus a suitable tip.

Yes, I've come.



JULIUS PERKINS, 39, who has a deep, quiet voice, was in a black suit and a chauffeur's cap who would have looked perfect as a host at Harlan's Cotton Club in the Twenties. He had an newspaper smug on the back seat when I came out the door of my apartment building. He opened the door; his own suitcase was slumped there.

The car was enormous; it had been lengthened at a custom body shop that specializes in stretch limousines. If you lay down with your head against the back seat, your feet would not reach the way to the front seat. Alighting our drive out of Chicago we were the object of glances. But it was not until we hit the Indiana Toll Road—"Main Street of the Midwest," as its slogan goes—that the delicious ridiculousness of this excursion became clear. Virtually every car on the road tried to check us out; it was as if Indiana Johnson had suddenly been set down on the pavement of northern Indiana.

I looked out the windows, and the scenery told me that this was something out of *Pleasant*. Pure farmland all around, two lanes this way, two lanes that way, and the State Road Service Area (opening up ahead). But Julius radioed me back to the highway. A disc jockey had asked his listeners to suggest a name for the station's women's softball team, and their answers, on an open line, were responding.

"The Bash Longans."
"The Bell Busters."
"The Pleading Mounds."
"The Periods."

Julius turned around in the front seat. "That air conditioning cool enough for you, Mr. Green?" he said.

IF YOU have never pulled up for lunch at the Holiday Inn in Perryburg, Ohio, with your chauffeur at the wheel at your limo, there is no preparing you for it.

The folks at the front desk lead up and stand to Julius and I make our way into the dining room. All during the trip they let Julius have been so silent as possible. I understood instinctively that part of his professionalism was maintaining the proper distance between himself and his passenger. And he was even colder than in our limo; we might be sharing a table, but he was not going to impose himself unless asked.

Finally I realized this was getting absurd. "So Julius," I said, "how is that tuna fish sandwich?"

"It's very good," Julius said. He nodded for emphasis.

I asked him if an out-of-town assignment like this one was unusual for him. "I do it once in a while," he said. "The last one was taking Peter Dinklage down to St. Louis, and then over to Indianapolis."

"Was she singing at something?" I said.

"No," Julius said. "She was generating a movie. I believe she played a witch."

WE PASSED through Franklin, Ohio, on Route 23, Acie's Body Shop and the Frater-

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JULIUS STOPPED IN FRONT OF THE K MART. HE FAIRLY LEAPT FROM HIS SEAT, CIRCLED AROUND, OPENED THE BACK DOOR, AND, WITH A FLOURISH, HELPED THE WOMAN ALIGHT FROM THE LIMOUSINE.

at Order of Eagles lodge and Ron Smith. Smith came leaping into view. Julius had slowed down to heed the speed limit. There was some construction on the road. The Egyptian was a teenage girl, she saw an accident and something else a hard rain, and when we reached the end of the construction three minutes later the other sign—also a girl—was smiling and waving at us.

WE WERE going to be coming close to the place where my parents live. I had Julius deliver to their neighborhood. He carefully backed the limousine into their driveway. He waited in the car while I made a mistake.

Later, I would know that one of my parents' neighbors had telephoned another. "In everything all right at the Greene house? No, I know everything's not all right at the Greene house. There's a house in the driveway and young Julius in front Chicago looking very green."

WHY I will never be a good rich person. Part One.

Every time a carful of people would look in the back seat to see whose turn it was, I would find guilty for letting them down. Of all the people they might have hoped for, I felt it was my fault that it was only me.

WHY I will never be a good rich person. Part Two.

When we reached our destination and stopped for the night, Julius dropped me at a Hyatt. Royalty and told me that he was going to get a room at a cheap hotel that I knew to be in a shady area of town. He told me he would call me in my room as soon as he got there. I would have three days in that big hotel, and all I could think about all evening was what a crummy deal it was that I got to stay at the Hyatt and Julius had to look for a dump. It was clearly what he was used to doing things like that. He would be, and if I really belonged in a limousine, I would have too.

BY THE morning Julius was waiting outside the Hyatt with The Wall Street Journal and the local newspaper in the back seat. He was smiling.

"Mr. Greene," he said, "I believe I have found on the horizon rock station at the entire United States." And as we cruised through central Ohio, the sound of Foreigner singing "Woman" reverberated inside the car.

IN THE course of my reporting, I met two working mothers named Rhonda Shyne and Beatrice Weiss. They were admiring the limousine. Mrs. Shyne and the husband

go to the K mart, and Julius and I exchanged places. Why not?

So it was that Mrs. Shyne and Mrs. Weiss pulled up to the local K mart at the Lincoln Continental limousine. Julius stopped at the front door of the store. He fairly leapt from the drivers seat, circled around to the back seat, opened the door, and with a flourish helped the woman alight from the car.

A crowd was gathering. For a moment they were silent, but soon shouts broke out.

"Where are you from?" a voice demanded.

"Green for a Day," said Beatrice Weiss. The two of them entered the store.

Julius was escorted by the store. "These women don't own this limousine," someone said. "If they could afford a limousine like this, they wouldn't shop at the K mart."

Julius smiled. "The reason they can afford a limousine like this is that they shop at the K mart," he said.

I DON'T know what the best moment of the four days was. It may have been when was dropping in at the local newspaper's office and there was a connection at the window of the city room. I thought that someone must have dropped dead on the street down below, but when I passed the stairs at the window I saw that everyone was looking out at Julius, who was being interviewed by a young reporter the city editor had sent.

It may have been at a bar late at night when, at closing time, I walked out with the other customers and Julius was waiting—in the seat and cup—with the back door open.

It may have been when a local cop cruised by Julius parked car four times, going slower every time. Because Julius was a black teenager in a white (blue) town, I thought he might be in for some petty harassment, but the policeman fairly pulled to a stop and, with a voice full of politeness, said:

"Sir, what kind of pickup does that car go?"

"Very good," Julius said, in a serious tone. "Very good."

It was a little like being a kid at an amusement park. I suppose if you got to ride the roller coaster every day, you would get sick by it. But when you are new at it, you think the ride will never go over. I suppose, somewhere, there are men who stop into their limousines every morning and truly don't give it a second thought. And I suppose I will never be one of them.

ON THE way back to Chicago, Julius said from the front seat:

"Did you see that party girl back there who was hitchhiking?"

For a moment I considered it. But he had a long way to go through Indiana, and this was supposed to be my fantasy, not hers.

I HAD to call my office. So at a truck stop outside of Indianapolis, Julius pulled up to a power booth and beside the highway. I made the call as traffic slowed down to look at the limo.

When I got back in and we were on our way again, I asked Julius if he ever got used to every person he passed giving it a look. "It doesn't take you long to get used to it," he said. "I've been doing this a long time. And you know right away that they're not looking at you. They just want to see who's in the back seat."

I asked him if he didn't ever just drive the limo around on his own, so that he could never in relieve pass any one of whatever it was the car gave off.

"I can't do that," he said. "The car doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the company."

"Then you don't drive this on your own?" I said.

I could only see the back of his head. "No," he said, "I drive a GMC."

THE LAST few hours through Indiana were mostly Julius's radio continued to provide a sound track. An Indianapolis newspaper informed us that a local man had just been arrested and charged with murdering his wife and children, and then John Lennon was singing "A Hard Day's Night." On the outskirts of Chicago, traffic began to back up on the expressway. It was rush hour.

"Julius," I said, "do you ever run into any of your passengers again?" He was said staring straight ahead. "I just drive wherever they tell me to drive, sir," he said.

We rode in silence to my house. I ran in and dropped off my suitcase, and then Julius backed in the direction of my office. I said I had to check the phone messages.

We both got out in front of the office building. I started the motor for the trip, and then Julius and the limousine were back in Michigan Avenue traffic, and soon they were lost. You would think that all these years you would forget what it feels like when the roller coaster ride is over. You'd be surprised how quickly it comes back to you.

JOHN GREENE is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.

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FORD BRONCO

FORD DIVISION



BY HARRY STEIN

AN HONOR ROLL FOR 1981

In this age of pragmatism, the list is a short one

A WEEK or so before last year's massive electricity shortages, Jerry Lewis showed up on Phil Donahue's show for what turned out to be a session marked by surprising minor. Phil mentioned that the charity industry in this country is in a crisis mode. Donahue gale, cannot directly by the accident, Jerry mentioned that Phil was an excellent fellow who had not done his homework, a woman in the audience rose to offer her view that telethons were a "ruse" and she could not bear to watch them. "I've got to get you an enlarged photograph of Jerry Lewis," requested Jerry, who a bit later offered up an appreciation of his own humanity. "There's nothing wrong with crying," he said. "I've loved telethons for years, crying, spreading my emotions through comedy and through my audience. We need more people in this world to say what they believe the best reason for crying is the best."



Now, since the age of seven, I have been in line to laugh with Jerry Lewis, and in recent years I have not been able to laugh at him, not even on Letter One. He even at the most gracefully satirical—sometimes a year or two back when, in the midst of the show's emotion-packed finale, it was announced that Jerry had been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize—the television remains in not more humor than truth. The spectacle of it all self-congratulatory joy notwithstanding as consequence, of all those characters of the board passing off public relations as altruism, is truly astounding. Indeed, a true model for the media that the cynicism that permeates many nearly to words at such group-into in each one of the tragedies of this very last age.

But I find myself in the curious position here of agreeing, at least in the abstract, with some of what Jerry Lewis has to say. We are indeed in a crisis mode, a crisis of people who respond to others from the heart. To be sure, I would not counsel, as he seems

to, a self-willed retreat from the moral function our several inquiries (for example, the urge to need off a check to the Lewis telethon) should always be tempered by a reflective sensitivity. But the principle is entirely sound to function as a responsible member of the human community means, in large measure, to put oneself out for others.

It would seem a rather elementary notion—God knows it isn't a new one—but it is absolutely staggering how many people simply cannot get the hang of it. At the moment, in this country, for example, it seems to be considered desirable to be headbashed, pragmatic, which also seems to mean that it is okay to be selfish even when asked. This might well change eventually—Goshaw in activities tend to run in cycles, according to fluctuations in the social policy and economic environment—but for now, with Mr. Shalman in the national role model, the heart is definitely out.

That means, then, where last, that we are in for some very hard times. Cold rationality minus the tempering influence of compassion cannot adequately address the emotional needs of the human mind. I recently caught on TV a clip from a debate in 1958 between Louis Brandeis and Edward Teller. They were discussing the effects upon human beings of the nuclear tests in the atmosphere that were then being carried out routinely. Teller, in that precise, authoritative way of his, actually asserted—and he was widely believed at the time—that there was no valid scientific evidence to support the contention that the radiation generated by the tests was harmful to human beings and that, in small doses, it might even be beneficial.

But even more striking than these assertions, though of course in an entirely different sense, was the fact that President Eisenhower, presaged so accurately against such small doses in doing so he was making almost everything he had achieved, during that period he was called before a Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, branded a traitor by much of the media, and abandoned by the majority of his colleagues at Gettysburg.

Now, Brandeis often has such troubles. He spoke out for the very simple reason that his conscience compelled him to. Like a handful of other great scientists—Bose, Oppenheimer, Sakharov—his heart functioned every bit as wonderfully as his head, and as the end that set him as far apart from his disingenuous colleagues as he already was from the rest of us.

Brandeis is exceptional, of course. He ended up receiving a second Nobel Prize—for peace—for his work. Most of those who labor for the general good, even those who are well known to others' beliefs, often go largely unrecognized. It's too bad. So I figured that since there are a hell of a lot of last that appear around this time of year, why not put together one of peo-



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SEVERAL OF THOSE LISTED BELOW HAVE PRID A CONSIDERABLE PRICE. TALK ABOUT BAROQUE ACHIEVEMENTS. BUT SUCH ARE THE CONSEQUENCES OF ACHIEVING BY THE HEART AS WELL AS THE HEAD.

ple who lately have acted with extreme stiffness and decency. At a school house full, at you will.

It is, alas, a very short list. A list of seconds would, believe me, have been much, much longer. I could have come up with a dozen names in the world of New York journalists alone. To the end, I elected to use a simple standard for inclusion: principled behavior on behalf of others. Unfortunately that meant leaving out such stature figures as Gene Markey, the *Newsweek* manager who stood up to the red-baiters George Strophren and got himself for the trouble, but only the loosest imaginable interpretation of the general goal would allow his inclusion. Sorry. Great, great work anyhow.

Several of the listed below have paid a considerable price, financial or professional, and one remains under continuing physical threat. Talk about dubious achievements... But such are the consequences of riding by the heart as well as the head.

LEIGH WALKER Finally, for simplicity's sake, I intended to list just two Americans—and Walter is one individual who has certainly not been lacking for dramatic attention—but he has been, finally, in my counting of this past year's admirable figures overlooked here? No in this country, who grew up defining a crime as Saturday night without a date, can perhaps inspire only the slightest of the qualities of courage and persistence that have been in evidence in opposition to an authoritarian regime. I cannot list marvel at the *Jacobs* (three names), the *Anders* (three names), the *Stevens*, and all the rest. But, of course, Walker and the movement he leads have more thought survived as of the writing, they continue to stand up with resistance that need not always be futile, that hope can make human beings act fearlessly.

DR. STEPHEN C. JOSEPH and **EUGENE N. BARK** The name won't familiar, are they? I had to look them up again myself. These are the two guys who resigned last May from the Agency for International Development in response to the Reagan administration's UN vote against ending the withholding of infant formula to Third World countries, in spite of evidence that improper use of the formula in place of breast milk may result in a million deaths annually. Joseph and Bark's protest was a simple act, perhaps, but the moment of risk a guaranteed return to its symbolic rejection—used to the many of civil servants who take defensive action in response to their consciences.

JAMES MCHENNER McChenner, the writer, might well be overlooked to discover himself included on this list, not he would not be here had he not turned up last summer as the subject of a *Playboy* interview. In that interview, I read that over the years McChenner, a Quaker, has donated no less than \$6 million (by one estimate, three quarters of his net earnings) to schools and museums. As such, he is representative of all those public individuals—Harry Chapin and John Lennon were others—who very simply try to do the right thing to ease the world's sorrows.

ROBERT NORTHEM Northem is the senior creative producer of CBS's *Sunday Morning*, and as such he heads the excellent team that puts out the program. The show will cover public affairs of a 60 Minutes and in some cases markets it continues to be preoccupied by religious fundamentalism, but week after week it is watched in increasing numbers, in its class, and, above all, in its composition. There is a number of *Sunday Morning* pieces that have moved me to tears and many others that linger in memory, but I am very acutely haunted by the story they ran on the President Adams and the town of Amesbury, Mass., twenty years later.

LIV ULLMANN There never been a particular fan of Ullmann as an actress. Too close to me for my taste. But, in her case, the last turns out to be real. For most of the past year, Ullmann was involved through the *Third World* on behalf of UNICEF, and what she has seen—for example, a five-year old child "with the head of an old man," and the responsibility of his entire family to his tiny shoulders—has left her angry and shaken. "I accuse indifference," she tells affluent audiences in this country, "indifference towards those victims whose future is at stake... I'm not a doctor or a nurse. I'm a celebrity. It's easy to change the way I live but nobody I connect. That's how UNICEF use me best... not for my blue eyes."

BILL VEECK In the hard business of American sports, Veeck, the baseball man, has always distinguished himself in that wonderfully descriptive Yiddish term, as a mensch—a real person. He may not have changed the world, maybe not even baseball. But he is an aggressively honest, courageous, and spirited man whose humor and integrity and decency have reflected more than the sports world. As the owner of the Chicago White Sox, he last year, which he was forced to sell last year, Veeck kept his office out in a parked

state but at a table in the Constance Park press dining room. His departure leaves baseball almost entirely to the corporate types who, instead of winning yet more dollars from the game, might end up selling it. But he still has his arm from the sidelines. Last summer, at a baseball, Veeck—who in 1947 brought the first black player into the American League—came out in vigorous agreement with baseball fans, saying of the owners and the players' damage suits: "I am on both their horses!"

A. BARTLETT GUAMATI There is, in anyone who remembers the early Fifties well recall, a deep strain of cowardice in American history. But this president, Guamatidid not let that precedent or, personally, the quality of wealthy states prevent him from launching frontal attack on the Moral Majority as a threat to the values of the nation. Indeed, one threat of his message was that silence in the face of his personal minor amounts to acquiescence. "What a shame some of our citizens of conscience have not seized the opportunity to speak up for this enterprise," he said. "What a shame each one of our country's deepest traditions of freedom of thought, speech, creed, and choice are not faced candidly in open debate by our political and religious leaders." Two weeks later, perhaps not so coincidentally, Barry Goldwater weighed in with a similar attack on the *Frontier* group.

JOAN BAEZ Yep, she's still around, all right, still singing and still fighting the good fight, for, unlike so many of us, Baez has turned out to be no amateur soldier. Not a one a night's sleep. Her name, quite simply and consistently, in that sphere is wrong and must be fought. Everywhere in the wake of the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia and the flight of the boat people, she inspired a wave of condemnation of the United States. This past year, she went to Chile and Argentina and has lately taken on the daunting task of attempting to generate opposition to the regimes in these countries. It was at that capacity, as a guest at the *Constance* show *Go, America* last winter, we have come full circle again, that she made what is my favorite television record of the last twelve months. A young woman in the audience rose to explain that she personally agreed with Joan but there was little she could do, since her friends were indifferent, didn't read the papers, didn't even bother to vote. Baez smiled that sweet smile and said, "Get some new friends."

JOANEE ZISKIN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



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The art of William Koepke has won numerous awards and can be seen in major museums and private collections. In 1974, he was chosen "Best in World" at the World Championship Wild Fowl Carving Competition. He has been named "Master of the Guild" by the International Wood Carving Guild. And he has been called "one of America's premier artists."

Working directly in miniature, Koepke has hand-carved the original ma-



ter for each species of duck. From these master models, expert craftsmen take special molds, so incredibly detailed that they capture every line and curve of the sculptor's art. Each decoy is then crafted from these molds in a blend of brass and wood to create a perfect miniature. A work so lifelike, in every respect, that you will actually be able to see the skin of the bird—the texture of its plumage—and the true-to-scale proportion of each species.

In the rich colors of nature

To add to the lifelike realism of the collection, each miniature decoy is then individually hand-painted in as many as twelve colors, carefully chosen to accurately define the rich hues and subtle shadings found in nature.

The indomitable green head of the Mallard, for example. The steel-blue head and speckled breast of the Blue-winged Teal. And the brilliant plumage of the Wood Duck—a rainbow of purple, green, burgundy and bronze. Indeed, this individual hand-painting of each miniature is the only way to achieve the authenticity that distinguishes the most desirable decoys.

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BY CURTIS PESMEN

THE SKATING SOLUTION

A fitting cold-weather workout for the reluctant winter runner

IT IS a Tuesday morning in January and your alarm clock clicks on. In slow motion, you reach out a hand, hit the snooze button, roll over for more sleep. Six minutes and you're up again, wondering whether you've managed to get a 4- or 5-mile session in. Your mental log on a chair across the room is a little sticky, and gray, but you're sticking to your guns: you're a 5-a-miles-a-week guy. This morning, you'll just roll, just won't be one of those times.

A harder alarm, perhaps, but unnecessary. There are several winter fitness alternatives, and among them is one particularly suited for late-weather runners: power skating, or skating for serious exercise. One doesn't often think of ice skating as a means to fitness, but some of the best-developed bodies I remember starting at as a youngster belonged to speed skaters who had built powerful legs and torso muscles through the sport. From my Little League shortstop position in Northbrook, Illinois (the "speed-skating capital of the world"), I'd watch local skaters like Duane Hildner, Anne Harnapp, Ned Roschford, and Leah Poulos in dry training, repeatedly running up and down the telephone hill.

"Skaters will do lots of running," says Hildner, who went on to win medals in the 1960 and 1970 Olympic games. "They will also do lots of biking, dry training, and simulated skating to build coordination with the legs and for extra strength and cardiovascular training." In fact, skating works the same way as running, just as world-class skaters run miles in summer, you can skate for speed, power, and fitness in winter.

Many of the major leg muscles exercised on the ice are the same ones you may have built up along the running trail: the quadriceps and the muscles of the calf. For example, and the quadriceps and hamstrings that form the front and back of



your thighs. The difference is that in the way each activity primarily affects a muscle group. When you run, the quadriceps muscle, which is the largest and most powerful in your body (lives in the hamstring stretch). That's also what happens when you skate, but as your leg moves away from your body you flex your gluteal muscles as well. A long stance at a steady rate will increase the amount of oxygen and blood pumped by your heart with each stroke—a nice aerobic workout. By ignoring it, skaters you can also improve your anaerobic capabilities and better coordinate yourself in transition in "on-a-go" style. It's all a matter of designing your program for the results you want.

BUT SKATING is useful only if you do it right—without wasting energy and motion on the ice. And the most efficient way to get fit on skates is by what is called power skating, a system based on the principle that we skate not on our blades but on our

separate edges, one on the inside and out on the outside of each blade.

The key to power skating is edging, and to learn to edge you must first learn how to crouch for balance. Once hockey coaches described the proper skating stance as assembling the position you take when you are "sitting in the offshore but trying not to touch the seat." Try it, and you will feel your calves and quadriceps tighten. It is an exaggerated position, but most novice skaters make the mistake of waddling upright when they stride. As a result, their stride is very up-and-down like a seesaw when they push off.

To exert proper pressure on the edges of your blades, you will need to keep your head up and slightly behind of your skate tips, and your knees apart, bent comfortably but noticeably. Lean your torso slightly forward so that your shoulders line up with your knees as a guide. The purpose of this position is to maximize the efficiency of each push off and stride.

To get the best workout, you will want to grip the ice with each stroke. And it will be the edges of your blades. The lean may be uncomfortable at first, but eventually it will allow you to lower your center of gravity as you skate.

Once your position is set, you're ready to learn the basic power skating motion. You can practice all the ice first. Let your right foot land then slightly so only the ball of your right foot is touching the ground. Then lift the outside part of the same foot while driving the pressure of your leg and torso down onto the strap and ball of your foot. When you transfer this motion to the ice, your next impulse may be to push off behind you and to the right—think what you probably learned to do when you were young—but you should resist that impulse. Instead, drive a straight line directly to the right with the ball of your right foot, digging hard into the ice. Try to keep the angle of your blade at

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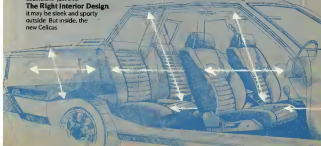
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THE ACTION OF USING THE INSIDE EDGE OF YOUR BLADE TO PUSH OFF AND EXTEND YOUR KNEE JOINT IS CALLED A POWER STRIKE; IT IS THE KEYSTONE OF FITNESS SKATING.

about 10 degrees to the ice as you start to push your leg off to the side. The action of using the inside edge of your skate blade to push off and extend your knee joint is called a power stroke; it is the keystone of fitness skating.

Concepting the stride, your right leg will eventually lift slightly as it is extended. If you are a runner, this will feel foreign to you, because the running stride is largely a pendulum stroke with the legs moving from front to back and back to front from the hip joint, in power skating, the same quadriceps propel you by pushing away from the body, side to side. The legs flex as they move away from the midline of the body. Think what develops the abdominal muscles of the thigh and explains why Olympic gold medal winner Eric Heiden's twenty-nine-inch thighs resemble high-way-bulge pylons while the thighs of a runner are the caliber of a hot.

To complete a circular motion back to the ice, drop your right leg slightly behind you. At the same time, your left leg, flexing at the knee, should be ready for the same strike and drive. The longer you push off with each inside edge, the more efficient your strides will become. It's the elegant, fast motion here—the transfer of your weight and energy with your coil, quadriceps, and abductor muscles to give you a slight lift from your crouch and thrust you forward into the next glide. As you push off with an inside edge you should also keep your hip that side facing forward. Don't let the knee of your stride pull your hip away as you will filter and lose power. Keep your strides to the side and your skates level when they meet the ice. Skaters that use this method will surface the efficiency of your stride.

After each stride, your blade will land on an outside edge and "broom" to its normal position. Preparing for the next stride, your weight will shift from the outside to the inside edge of the skate and a "milner" as your skill develops you can use that same technique for turns and stops. When turning, your body should lean into the use at an angle. To execute a crossover turn to the left, start by pushing the outside edge of your left skate to the right and over behind the right leg. Then lift the right leg over the standing left as a fluid motion. Land the right leg on its inside edge to complete the stride. If the crossover feels uncomfortable at first, you can practice the motion off the ice, in your own form of dry-land tracing.

THE 1987 way to start power skating, according to Burton Williams, the former skating coach of the New York Islanders

who championed the chase of power skating in the National Hockey League, is to practice straight push-off motions while doing laps, built to crossover turns, then, depending on your experience, try spirals on ice. How long should you keep practicing the mile? If your usual exercise workout consists of forty-five minutes of steady running, then to get some of the same cardiovascular benefits, you should skate consistently for a little longer than that because some of your skating time will be spent gliding. You can vary your workout by adding periodic sprints after a set number of revolutions. For most beginners, twenty minutes of stretching and warming up should be sufficient for an hour of skating practice.

As for equipment, you will find that it is much easier to learn to skate correctly with hockey or figure skates than with speed skates because the boots are higher, affording you more ankle support. The blades are also easier to maneuver because they are steeper and thicker, about an eighth of an inch wider than speed-skate blades. Many top-speed skaters go without skates in competition, despite chafing or chafing, so they can truly feel themselves with the ice. You don't have to go that far, but one thick pair should be enough. It pays to have an expert fit your boots; wobbly ankles are at most about the result of improperly fitted skates, not weak ankles.

If you happen to live near a frozen lake, pond, or canal, your sessions could easily be done on watercraft, since daylight hours are more pleasant for workouts. You needn't fear freezing the chilly air, says R. Donald Hagan, director of exercise physiology at the Institute for Aerobic Research in Dallas, because your body's central core does a thorough job of heating your vital organs. "When you breathe cold air, there is some bronchial constriction," he says, "but it is largely in the upper bronchial tract. Deep down, your body is warm. Your body organs won't freeze, so will your blood, even though pain receptors might be kicked off because of the cold." The only danger he mentions, in passing, is frostbite.

Most of us, though, aren't depend on indoor rinks. Indeed, the problem that may arise in finding enough rinks to move at your own pace. Though Denver Holten began skating "inside" to "renew" trying to own an indoor rink, he will probably find that rink supervisors will let you skate at a good clip, provided you are in control of your movements. Get it moved, too, that many rinks have sessions when children are banned from the ice.

BRUN E. BENJAMIN, author of *Sports Related Arts*, says that the most common beginning skating mistakes are hamstring pulls and leg cramps. Arterio spasm, sometimes itself from cold, but always is safe if you don't move too fast for your ability. If you feel yourself falling, try to relax and let your body's momentum slide you along the ice. The only time you should break a fall with your hands is to protect your head if you happen to fall forward.

Regardless of how well you may have conditioned yourself on land, you will have to flex and stretch before you take your body on the ice. Jerry Matosky, trainer with the New York Rangers hockey team, suggests the move as a good initial warming exercise. Simply reach for the ceiling, flex with your feet flat, and then move up to your toes. Hold the move for a few seconds, and feel the muscles of your calves stiffen and stretch. Try twenty of these, and then rise a place for five minutes at 20.

Follow the following exercises with hamstring stretchers. Mervin J. Glen, chairman of the University of Denver Physical Education and Sport Sciences Department, suggests you sit on the floor with your knees together and pull each leg for your toes five to ten times without actually pulling them. Your hamstrings will stretch as you use your quads and abdominal muscles to pull yourself forward.

You should take particular care to avoid groin injuries. To do this, Glen suggests, again, getting out of "the unwelcome position" by sitting on the floor. Then, with the soles of your feet touching each other and your knees off the ground, try to pull Donald Hagan, director of exercise physiology at the Institute for Aerobic Research in Dallas, because your body's central core does a thorough job of heating your vital organs. "When you breathe cold air, there is some bronchial constriction," he says, "but it is largely in the upper bronchial tract. Deep down, your body is warm. Your body organs won't freeze, so will your blood, even though pain receptors might be kicked off because of the cold." The only danger he mentions, in passing, is frostbite.

Once on the ice, after your other warm-ups, begin a glide with your left leg forward, the right trailing. Then slowly bend your left knee while keeping your right, making sure to keep the right leg behind you. The weight on your trailing leg should be resting on the inside edge, your skate foot actually dragging on the ice. Raise your torso slowly and repeat the glide with your right foot leading this time. Your torso will hover above the ice, your trailing skate will scrape it. From this position, if you are facing out, you can stretch your imagination as well as your body by looking toward Sweden, Yugoslavia, the site of the 1984 Olympic Winter Games.

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Introducing Soloflex, the body building machine that's so ingenious it's patented.

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in slow motion, high speed or freeze frame?



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And for ultimate control, this Omnivision is programmable. It can automatically record 8 different shows over 14 days. You won't miss out on any of the action even when you go out. It also has a 105-channel tuner so you can even record onto programs. However, a cable converter is required for stations scrambled by your cable company.

There's only one thing you'll find uncontrollable. The fun you'll have watching the new Panasonic PV-1770. © 1981 Panasonic

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

Esquire

Dubious

NAME THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE! QUICK!

The Department of Agriculture proposed plans to save money on its school-lunch program by classifying softener acids as "meat" and ketchup and pickle relish as "vegetables."

LOWEST BATTING AVERAGE OF THE YEAR

Ivan DeJong, shortstop, Chicago Cubs. .104



COME ON OUT, SPUNKS, WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE

A set of George Washington's false teeth was stolen from the National Museum of American History in Washington, D.C.

Achievement

DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH Ted and Joan Kennedy no- sourced plans for a divorce



BUT WHAT HE DIDN'T DO HE DID MAGNIFICENTLY

David O'Neal resigned his \$65,000-a-year job as lieutenant governor of Illinois because, he said, he had nothing to do in his office.



WRETHED EXPENSE
Full House starboard designer chocolate at \$14 a pound.

Awards for 1981

IT WAS the year an over-youthful prince married a woman of means—and the citizenry beheld their storybook love and rejoiced. Hail to thee, New York governor Hugh and Evangeline Carey!

IT WAS the year an exotic creature spread wings in the California sun—to which it had come from dark, distant rain forests. The creature caused an uproar the world over. Hail to thee, Bo Derek!

AND IT WAS the year one man smiled and smiled. Through the subtle exercise of his vast power, he smiled. Through moments of discord and anxious, hateful flashes, he smiled. Through an endless summer in which he did little but take it easy, he smiled. Hail to thee, Bowie Kuhn!

HAIL, ALL HAIL, to one of the worst years yet!

CHOMP ON TIME, DAVID STOCKMAN
In Spokane, Washington, five elderly residents who'd had their teeth removed through a state-funded program were told that, because of budget cuts, no additional money was available for dentures.



75
AFTER LEAVING THE STADIUM, THEY GET ON THIS BOAT, SEE, WHERE THERE'S ALL THESE WOMEN IN DRINKS, YA KNOW, LADY DRINKS OR SOMETHIN'. SOMEBODY PUTS SOMETHIN' IN THEIR DRINKS, AND THEN THERE'S THIS BIG EXPLOSION...

NBC announced plans to expand the well-known Moon Line General Cato concentration to a movie for TV movie.

THE CONTINUING SAD SAGA OF THE CAT PEOPLE
Picture: Vannoy was injured when the four-foot cat they were riding on occurred on Route 80 in Nevada.



A COUPLE WHITE GUYS SITTING AROUND TALKING



WORST MOVIE OF THE YEAR: TARZAN, THE APES MAN

OF NICE AND MUNCHIES
Police in Memphis were played by race that had gotten high on confused marijuana and that were staggering above the evidence onto. The steroid rodents were finally lured into traps baited with strawberry jelly beans.



IN YOUR CASE IT WOULD TAKE EXACTLY ONE CINDY
Republican congressman John LeBoutillier, twenty-eight, and he would consider attending his political career in tour with his favorite cock group, the Eagles. "It would be so neat being up there," he said, "playing music till your brains pop out."



AND SHE SHALL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOREVER

Cardinal Cody was accused by the Chicago Sun-Times of using church funds to buy a vacation home for his friend Helen Dots Wilcox.

WHAT'S EVEN SADDER, HE HAS TO SHAVE HIS BATHROOM WITH 416 OTHER GUYS

Representative James M. Jeffords (Vermont) showed his Capitol Hill apartment and moved into an office, claiming he couldn't live on \$60,000 a year.

LET 'EM CAT STAPLES

The Memphis Post reported that cashmere coats being sold for higher prices as "whole" had actually been glued together.



WE ARE FAM-I-LY!

WORST NEW BOOK OF THE YEAR

The *Delicate Sex Lives of Famous People* by Irving Wallace, Amy Wallace, David Wallace, and Sylvia Wallace.

WHAT KIND OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

Denouncing the Easter bunny as a pagan god, Vernon Gortons, a Fundamentalist minister, burned a giant fake rabbit in the town square of Miles, Ohio.

WHAT KIND OF NAME IS FRANK?

Frank Zappa's thirteen-year old daughter, Moon Unit, made her professional singing debut. Moon Unit, whose brother's name is Thelma, performed one track of her father's new album, *The Joy That Joy Is*.



IF NEVER STOPPED ALFONSO D'AMATO

Alfonso film *Foramen*, twenty-five, this year's Miss New York State, was disqualified from the Miss U.S.A. contest for stuffing her swimsuit. Cheating she'd lost weight. *Foramen* said: "I went from a 96 bust to a 34 bust. The suit was too big...I couldn't go onstage and represent New York State like that."

SHOT FUNNY

The New York Times reported that thousands of Americans are addicted to nasal spray.

UNFORTUNATELY IT'S IN GREEN

The Acolas Company announced the marketing of a nasal spray that gives men "instant sex appeal." Continuing a recent tradition, the spray, according to Acolas president Bill Wilcox, aids a man by scolding off "a powerful subconscious advantage to a woman."



TWO WEEKS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD
Newcomer, May 25, 1981:
THE BECKS
HOW THEY BEVER—AND WHY



TIME
THE BECKS
HOW THEY BEVER—AND WHY



THE SCHMUCKS OF SUMMER

Ray Geisley and Marvin Miller led the owners and players of major league baseball in a seven week strike.

AND WITH 4,000 WORDS OF COVERAGE, NEWSWEEK STILL MISSED THIS

According to a study by Steven Fuchs and Ralph Lerner of the University of Pennsylvania, the top ten female fears are the dead people, feeling rejected, race or class, broken, hurting the feelings of others, weapons, surgery, speaking to people, and losing down from tall buildings. For men: Speaking in public, failure, hurting the feelings of others, looking foolish, being, being rejected, surgery, being disappointed at, being criticized, and loss.

RAINFEST DAY OF THE YEAR
Twenty-two inches fell in Brackenridge, Texas, on October 12.

1981: The Year That Just Flew By



HOUSE FLY:
Paula Paterson



OPEN FLY:
Christopher
Jon Hance



FIRE FLY:
Fred Silverman



WORM FLY:
John
Carpenter



FRUIT FLY:
Jerry Brown



HIGH FLY:
Madonna
Plavins



FLY BY NIGHT:
Robert Pol

SOMEDODY HAS TO IRON THE SHEETS

Lois Proctor, a thirty-year-old construction worker in Calgary, Alberta, became the first black man ever to join the *Red Hot Rite*.



OUT OF THE IRONS OF BARRIS

In the July *Ladies' Home Journal*, Brooke Shields admitted that she has tossed her head around that she had ever been sexually abused—"at least I don't think so," she said. "I believe I'd know it when I feel it."

Offering herself as a spokesperson for a government anti-smoking campaign, Brooke Shields explained, "Smoking kills. If you're told, you're receiving a very important part of your life."



WHAT KIND OF MAN READS DONALD LEE LANSON?

Donald Lee Lanson, a self-described malcontent, married convicted mass murderer Susan Atkins, a former member of the Charles Manson family.

WHY? WAS THERE A HOLE IN IT?

A party in Newport, Tennessee, ordered Skunk-Van Can's Inc. to pay a man \$2,500 after he found a condom in a can of the company's pop and beans.



HATION IT, FELLIA—UN, BELLA

"We need laws that protect everyone," learned Bella Along as an ERA rally in San Francisco. "Men and women, straight and gay, regardless of sexual perversion—uh, perversion."

WIDEST NEW FLAVOR

Researchers at Cornell University reported that they were able to make wine out of cheese whey.



WAKE UP, BETTY BOB, IT'S TIME FOR MASTERPIECE THEATRE

Bert, Fred, and Ralph left, three brothers in Kanawha County, West Virginia, had a \$7,800 asbestos dash constructed in their yard to improve their TV reception.



SOVIETS DISCOVER LAWYERS IN SPACE

Russian scientists concluded that if intelligent life exists on other planets, it most likely exists in the form of highly active caffeine lawyers.

HOLD THE TOMATOES

Twenty-six members of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity at the University of Illinois's Champagne-Urbana campus were evicted from their house after several of them decided to "get naked" at a party, pined on top of a cord, and yelled, "See sandwich? See sandwich?"

I WANT A MAN WITH A SLOW HAND I WANT A LOVER WITH AN EASY TOUCH I WANT SOMEDODY WHO WILL SPEND SOME TIME NOT COME AND GO IN A HEATED RUSH

© 1981 Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. All Rights Reserved. Photographed by [unreadable] and [unreadable].



THAT MAKES ONE OF YOU

Former Florida congressman Richard Kelly was found guilty of bribery and conspiracy charges stemming from the Alvin Karpis investigation. Said Kelly of the verdict: "I'm not jumping about and swapping trip bags with glee."



WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?

San Clemente, Calif. of History Magazine, established to honor Richard Nixon and featuring such items as a bottle of Chinese vodka, a photograph of Nixon with the shah of Iran, the Nixonian laptop, a six-year-old cockleburger sticker, and a White House subway car, is due to be of public interest.

AT LEAST HE HAS A PLACE TO HANG OUT

Paul Cesar Bonini walked halfway across Brazil carrying a large cross on his back to give thanks for his father's recovery from a paralyzing disease. While he was gone, his fiancée married another man.



MISSING IN ACTION

News: Kahr

Special Report on the State of the Nation Whose Laugh Was It Anyway?



RONALD REAGAN SHAPES A LAUGH WITH COLUMBUS MAYOR TOM MOODY...

THANKS OF A GRATEFUL NATION

Betty Bloomgarden, a good friend of Nancy Reagan, asserted that one of the ways she shows her appreciation "is by asking my servants not to turn on the self-cleaning oven until after seven in the evening."



WITH FLORIDA SENATOR PAULA HAWKINS...

THE PRESIDENT'S BRAIN IS MISSING

Answered by the network's efforts to take his picture while he was on summer vacation, Ronald Reagan joked about how easy it would be if, while riding his horse, he suddenly chucked his chest and fell off.



WITH BUDGET DIRECTOR DAVID STOCKMAN...



WHAT A DISH

Nancy Reagan ordered 250 place settings of White House china at a cost of \$209,566 (given by a private donor). Said Mrs. Reagan: "The White House really badly, badly needs china."



THAT'S NOTHING WHEN YOU THINK OF HOW MUCH WE'RE WASTING ON SOCIAL SECURITY

It cost U.S. taxpayers as much as \$250,000 each time Ronald Reagan took a weekend trip to California.



WITH SENATE MAJORITY LEADER HOWARD BAKER...



WITH HIS WIFE, NANCY, ON "WOMEN"...

WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN AND IMMEDIATE ACTION IS REQUIRED, THE MAN WITH THE LONGEST LASH IN THE WORLD REACHES FOR THE TELEPHONE

President Reagan phoned L.A. Times critic Don Sullivan and asked him to play a show starring Reagan's friend Buddy Elias.

THAT'S WHY HE TAKES ALL THOSE NAPS

Actress Vivian Lindfors, who co-starred with Ronald Reagan in the 1949 film *Night and Day*, said that Reagan used to tell her that she was best "in the afternoon, after coming out of the shower."

NO, THAT'S WHY HE TAKES ALL THOSE NAPS

President Reagan presented Mexican President Jose Lopez Portillo with a petting island "The Island Seaweed." "And it is the Indian name for people, a strong hallucinogen."

AT LEAST HE DIDN'T ASK HIM TO SMOKE AND JIVE

At a White House reception for the nation's mayors, President Reagan went up to a black man and shook his hand and said, "How are you, Mr. Mayor? I'm glad to meet you. How are things at your city?" The man, Samuel Porter, was Reagan's Secretary of Housing and Urban Development.



WITH FORMER FEDERAL RESERVE CHAIRMAN ARTHUR BURNS...

HAND JOB OF THE YEAR

Nancy Reagan surrounded her Los Angeles residence to the capital to do her nails for the President's seventh birthday celebration.



WITH PRINCE CHARLES...



WITH A BOOZED CATNIP OF HIS LAUGHING SELF?

Fun Couples



MARYLIN HAMLICH AND CYNDY GARVEY



MARYLIN BARNETT AND BILLIE JEAN KING



JOHN AND RITA JENRETTE



PRINCE CHARLES AND LADY DIANA

"OH,"
"HONK!"
"OH,"
"HONK!"
"OH,"
"HONK!"
"HONK!"

A Northern Illinois University student was charged with destruction of university property after he killed Williams, the campus goose. The student, who was sitting by a legless wheelbarrow and struck the goose on the head with a stick when the animal started his out of his "deep meditation."



CAPTION

Joe Publications introduced "no-tribe" books, editions that sell under the generic category of mystery, romance, western, and science fiction.

OH, SHUT UP

Ging Derek, national secretary of the Moral Majority, defended America's possession of the atomic bomb as a God-given right. He said: "It was only by the grace of God that America got the atom bomb before Germany did."

A DINER'S GUIDE TO TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

Gerald Ford told Valery Giscard d'Estaing that he regretted never having visited France while he was President of the United States. In fact, Ford had attended a summit conference in that country in 1975.



APRES MOI, LA STUPIDITE

Gerald Ford told Valery Giscard d'Estaing that he regretted never having visited France while he was President of the United States. In fact, Ford had attended a summit conference in that country in 1975.

WHATEVER MAKES THEM HAPPY

A study at the Aegean University in Ankara revealed that doves mate easier homosexually in pairs.

THIS LAWN ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR THE TWO OF US

Frank Kamen, thirty-one, of Secaucus, N.J., called a gas and shot his power mower after a week's use.

ESPECIALLY IF YOU GIVE IT TO 'EM

New York's Bedford Central School District offered its students pass every day at the school cafeteria. Said George Luckey, the school district's business manager: "These little kids want pizza. Many of them will eat it every day of the week three times a day."



THEY CHECK IN, BUT THEY DON'T CHECK OUT

The New Robin, a \$76-capsule hotel in Osaka, Japan, has enjoyed nearly 100 percent occupancy since it opened. For about fifteen dollars a night, a guest can stay in a sleeping capsule four feet eleven inches wide, six feet seven inches deep, complete with air conditioning and a color TV.

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WHAT'S A SPECIAL EVENING WITHOUT A LITTLE MAGIC?

Baileys. A unique taste so alluring, so full of character, only one word can describe it. Magic.

Perhaps it's that taste of magic that has made Baileys America's fastest growing liqueur.

BAILEYS. TASTE THE MAGIC.



THE CLIFFORD IRVING GOLD PEN-AND-PENCIL SET FOR JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY
70

Janet Casler, of *The Washington Post*, who was forced to return the Pulitzer Prize she had won for a profile of an eight-year-old heroin addict who never cried.

AND ACCEPTING FOR MISS COOKE...

A student in Richard Ault's San Diego State creative writing class cursed in a story called "Anthony's World." Except for a change of name, age, and home town, it was plagiarized word for word from Janet Cooke's *Washington Post* article "Jerry's World."

Most Fun Couple of Them All

ON APRIL 21, 1981, EVANGELINE GOULETAS OF CHICAGO MARRIED HUGH CARY, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

REALLY, WOULD HUGH CARY WEN OVER THE THRESHOLD?

Shortly after the wedding, Evangeline Gouletas-Cary contended an error in her marriage-license application, on which she'd claimed to have been married two previous times, on three. She said she thought that Frances Kahn, the overcooked co-husband, was dead.



REALLY, SERIOUSLY, WOULD HUGH?

Shortly before the wedding, Hugh Cary decided to dye his gray hair and eyebrows red.



HUGH WOULD?

Shortly before he decided to dye his gray hair and eyebrows red, Hugh Cary responded to critics of a controversial state office building in Binghamton by offering to drink a glassful of Pils.



THEIRLY BREAKING THE HEARTS OF THE CITY'S PIGEONS

The Philadelphia Art Commission declined to accept Sybester Stahl's donation of an eight-and-a-half-foot statue himself offered on the condition that it stand on the top of the steps at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

AN MOMENT MISREAR

"I snuggled or something," said Orval Wynn Lytle of Dallas, explaining to police why he had mistaken his mother-in-law for a large cocaine and backed her to death.



WHICH USUALLY TAKES A WEEK TO TEN DAYS, ANSWERING YOU DRINK FLUIDS, GET PLUMPY OF BEST, AND TAKE ASPHRIN EVERY FOUR HOURS

Norma Lake, an engineer from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, said he might have discovered a cure for the common cold. Lake unveiled the Infectious Nasal Device, which consists of two white plastic knobs—about the size of shirt buttons—that are held together with pacifier wire. Lake said that all one has to do is clasp the IND on the nose and leave it on for fifteen to thirty minutes a day until symptoms disappear.

HOW THERE'S A NEW SLANT

The most popular new magazine in China, the *Journal of UFO Research*, in addition to containing news about flying saucers, ran a story to children who could read with their amputa.

It makes it fun (65,000) pleasures, it is our pleasure to introduce you to a unique audio system that will put unlimited access to music at your fingertips, from anywhere in your listening room.

This system, the Beocenter 7000, is equipped with a micro-computer which allows you to select your program source from the turntable, cassette tape player, and pre-programmed FM stations, by remote control. You can switch between program sources, adjust volume levels, and enjoy full command of your tape cassette for recording or playback, all without ever touching the Beocenter itself. And the

micro-computer will keep you constantly informed on the status of the Beocenter, on an LED display.

It's almost great without saying that in addition to these unique features, the Beocenter 7000 includes superb components that have become the hallmark of Bang & Olufsen.

The single touch turntable allows you to play records of any size at speed at the touch of one button.

The advanced cassette deck has two adjustments for all forms of tape, and automatically



demagnetizes its tape head after every recording.

If music is indeed one of your pleasures, we invite you to experience the unique pleasure of music brought to you automatically,

serenely, intelligently, by the Beocenter 7000. In the world of advanced music systems, there is indeed nothing remotely like it. Bang & Olufsen of Denmark.

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THE BEOCENTER 7000. IN THE WORLD OF ADVANCED MUSIC SYSTEMS, THERE'S NOTHING REMOTELY LIKE IT.



Please, If There Be a God in Heaven, Let's Hear No More About...

- SCIENTIFIC CREATIONISM
- THE CINDERELLA COMPLEX
- THE BEVERLY HILLS DIET
- PREPPYPS
- JELLY BEANS
- TIME INC.'S AMERICAN RENAISSANCE THEME



TED TURNER



LYNN REDGRAVE'S
BREAST-FEEDING PROBLEMS



PUINN'S
CUBE

THE
METALLIC
LOOK

OH, GEORGE, YOU BITCH!
Yankin' owner George Steinbrenner rewrote thousands of copies of his team's yearbook because he didn't like his picture in it. A printing mistake made it look like Steinbrenner was wearing lipstick.



REMEMBER WHY?

Rock star Ozzy Osbourne walked into a CBS records marketing meeting, pulled out a dead dove, and bit its head off. "I wanted them to remember me," he said.



SEVEN YEARS OF VERMIN,
LICE, AND LOCUSTS TO:
James Watt, Secretary of the
Insular

**BUT AN HOUR LATER HE
WAS CLOSING BLACK
HOSPITALS AGAIN**
New York mayor Edward Koch's life was saved by a friend who performed the Rorschach maneuver after Koch began to choke at a Chinese restaurant. Original reports said the mayor had choked on a piece of watermelon, but some sources later speculated that Koch was eating pork and didn't want Jewish voters to know about it.



LOUDER, LOUDER, OH, MY GOD, LOUDER!

New York investor David Lloyd came out with "rock and roll pants" for men and women, bikinis that look up to a stereo and cause vibrations in the clutch.



FOUR MEDITERRANEAN FRUIT FLIES
MAGNIFIED TWO HUNDRED TIMES



FEAR GROUNDS INTO A
DOUBLE PLAY

Chicago White Sox announcer Jerry Persell said that baseball wives are "horsey broads that wanted to get insured and get a little security and money." He also said that Ozzie Luminoso "should be shot" for not trading on the field.

NOT EVEN IF YOU BUY HER
GUNKER FIRST?

Raymond Wharmer of San Diego said he knew right away that the cow being sold at auction was his stolen Stevie. "I was able to go up and comb it, rub its head, and rub its arse," he told a jury in a cattle-mustering trial, "and you don't do that to just any cow."

AND HOW IT'S TIME TO SAY
GOODBYE...

Disappeared recorded the first bioreactor in its history. ☺

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



When you want
good taste
and low tar, too.



ULTRA LIGHTS 100's: 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine,
100's: 9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Safire Appraised

He's the conservative columnist liberals love to hate, the inveterate punster everyone likes to read. On the nation's editorial pages, he fairly sparkles in comparison with more predictable pundits. But his many facets bear scrutiny, says a longtime Safire watcher

BY VICTOR NAVASKY

N

OT LONG AFTER THE WATERGATE SCANDAL BROKE—WHICH WAS not that long after William Safire quit writing President Nixon's speeches to write a column for *The New York Times*—David Halberstam, the Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, wrote a letter to his former employer, Arthur O. "Punch" Sulzberger: "Safire is not a conservative in any true sense, never has been one, and he has not come up in any way through the editorial process. Whether he is a paid manipulator. He is not a man of ideas or politics but rather a man of tricks, which is the last thing *The Times* needs. . . . It's a lousy column and it's a dishonest one. So close it. Or you end up just as stupid as Safire."

Despite that, that was raining fire on one against, Sulzberger ignored the advice, and four years later, another *Times* alumna, Richard Reeves, writing the *Media* column for *Newsweek*, called Bill Safire "the most interesting and influential columnist in the country." "You may hate him, *Times* readers," wrote Reeves, "but where do you read fire—or at all? Reason? Milder? Less? Censor?"

Consider how far Safire has come.

Seven years ago, Safire's former publisher, William Morrow & Company, turned down his manuscript of the Nixon years and asked for its money back, and when the book was finally published by Doubleday & Company under the title *Below the Belt*, the late Richard Reeves, writing in *The New Yorker*, had that to say about it: "Though he is described on the jacket as being, among other things, a lexicographer, he comments just about every gaffe imaginable. . . . Yet, by last fall, although he didn't have a Carter administration or a Kennedy candidacy to look around anymore, he did have a Pulitzer Prize. One of his columns exposing Bert Lance's activities, he had royalties from a best-selling novel, *Fall Duckman*, which Doubleday sold to paperback for a record-breaking \$6,275 million (the highest price paid for a first novel); he was asking for and getting one thousand dollars for his public-speaking engagements; and he had been given a second column, On Language—this one in *The New York Times Magazine*—which draws eighteen thousand 66 letters (mostly friendly) a year. When these latter columns were collected in a book in 1980, the *Times* accurately boasted that Safire was "the most widely read writer on language in America today." His political columns, *Easy*, appears two times a week in the *Times* and is picked up by an estimated three

Yes, now *Newsweek* is the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* and the editor of *Newsweek* is now published in paperback by Penguin Books.



—William Safire—

Familiar

Love *An account by a big brother of a special relationship with his sister that has enhanced the years of his life*

by George Leonard

When I was three, the maiden aunt who was to live with my family during most of my childhood took me out to the back yard and suggested that I plant an acorn. If I did, she told me, it would grow to be as big as the tree beneath which we stood. I looked up. The huge trunk, the vertiginous branches seemed to reach to the clouds.

"Will it really?" I asked.

"Yes, it will," she said, laughing. "Just this big."

I remember the feel of that acorn in my hand, alive with potency. The world was large and wonderful. I dug a little hole and planted the acorn. My aunt showed me how to water it. Every day I watched for the tree to begin growing.

At about the same time, my father and mother told me I was going to have a little sister. There was no explanation of where she would come from or what she would be like—another mystery. A couple came to visit my parents. They had just attended a child's dance (aunt and I had the program with them). On the cover was a picture of an adorable little girl about my age, a topknot wearing big black sequined tights.

"Pretty soon," somebody told me, "you're going to have a little sister just like her!"

My reaction must have been amusing, for I remember everyone laughing as I stared transfixed at the picture. I took the program and kept it in my room. Again and again I looked at the picture: the sequined top dancer, the little sister who would soon come to live with me. If there is romantic love at three, I was in love with that sister.

When my mother went to the hospital (what a strange place to get a daughter!), I was left with my aunt. There was a decaying interlude enveloped in silence, sadness in houses and memories. After I was at bed, my father came home with the news: I had a little sister. In a day or two I would go to the hospital to see her.

I can remember that particular room in Emory University Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia, almost as clearly as the living room of my own house: the single bed against the far wall, a pretty woman wearing a pink nightgown and negligee, fully made up

George Leonard, author of *The Ultimate Taking: The Transformation and Illusion and Betwixt*, was for many years a senior editor of *Look*. This article will be part of *Love, Loss and Grief*, to be published and sold by J.P. Sayers.



ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CROFT

HER WAS A BARE FLOWER IN A WHITE DRESS. 1942 LINTA LINGARD

was simply beyond my knowledge and imagination. The most I dared imagine (the image would pulse into my mind, disappear, then pulse again) was to see her unclashed or to cup my hands around her breasts. At the height of my insatiable frustration, that image made the erotic imagery of years to come seem pale by comparison.

And there was nothing I could do about it. I became dizzy with desire; I couldn't ask for knowledge. My ears rang with words I couldn't speak. It was the ultimate impotence, the primal tragedy: I would never be able to join with what was closest to me, what I most loved. I knew I had to accept it; what was never sensually considered was not to be

So I started applying the same kind of mental control I had used as age four to keep from crying when my sister died. Bored to distraction in school, I flung myself into the high-end world of the late 1990s. I collected records—Goodman, Shaw, Dorsey, Basie. I practiced drum for hours along with the records and played alto sax in sleazy pickup bands, getting slightly high from the marijuana that wafted in my direction from the older students on either side of me.

At sixteen, I started my own band, modeled ambitiously after those of my idols Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, with a full thirteen pieces. After two hours, everything came together. Sooner than anyone had believed possible, we were a spectacular success, with more jobs than we could handle. The band was included in the leading big band in our area, we had a more powerful, driving beat. We played every Coast Range arrangement we could get our hands on. We played the Mary Lou Williams Kansas City series. We started making our own arrangements. Hearing my only surviving record through the dust and cracks of the decades, you might guess the band was a success. It was. It was a swinging band rather than middle-class whites and satiates through twenty-three.

It was a memorable year. I had more money than I knew what to do with. My pockets were stuffed with five- and ten-dollar bills. Years later, down to my last dollar, I went to the closet and found a wadded-up five-dollar bill in one of the side pockets of my old band jacket. When the band was only a few months old, I bought a white 1968 Mercury convertible with leather seats. Named the White Hoosh, my car was also a spectacular success, a winner on the after-hours drag-racing scene.

Everything was going my way. And

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sometimes, somehow, during the past I was seventeen, all the doctors for my mother disappeared. She became a comfortable family member again, my mother was in, my confidante, my best buddy—nothing more. I cried "the other" from my consciousness it might never have happened. That feeling, those unacknowledged games, might have been only a dream.

My father prospered. We moved to a big house a block from the governor's mansion. We had two little brothers, but they were so much younger that they married a second time! My sister entered a nursing school and, with a great deal of personal effort, she made the best grades in her class. She showed me her exam papers. I was amazed by her ability to organize facts, to use two-sentence sentences she would answer a question that would have taken me two paragraphs to answer. I was proud of her. She joined one of the best societies. Boys were falling out of trees all around her, but she managed, good-boredom, to keep things in perspective. I was proud and pleased. I felt so lucky to be able to see her. I was not even determined, at evening and end, to work in the yard or car with our respective duties.

My sister was a mature fourteen-year-old on fifteen. She often attended dances. I joined for a watch her from the balcony. I saw a fine class of a white, late-20s, strapping, muscular dancer in her hair, her dress, eyes sparkling.

The dances were extravagant affairs at which boys led outrageous girls, and a girl's popularity was measured by the number of boys she got. I decided to quantify the phenomenon: during one slow chorus of "Moon glow," the band's closing theme, my sister was broken in no thirty times. As far as I knew, it was a record. I told all my friends.

world helped bring things back to "normal." But some enormous, wrenching effort also had been required to extinguish every flame, a very last spasm of erotic feeling for my savior. Even now, I conserve the insignificance of that effort—in the most hidden parts of me, all the way to the marrow of my bones. It worked very well indeed: what has never been clear is how much that effort cost me.

The next is seamless, a story of unrequited love. The pair may have been most successful with 1941. That was also the year all of us began to learn that we had been living a fantasy. The war ripped us out of mythic time, introduced us to history, provided us with a deity and as a child, I was sent off for the Air when the war ended, my sister, one seventeen, married my best boy shortly after the war, I married friend. Three sons later for her daughter born later for me, we got and remarried. This time, my girl knew my new wife, but again, husband was my closest friend.

They have only brought us closer," she told each other things we held anyone else in the world. We sat together at scenes of both red and terrible family accidents. We arrived saying "Husbands and I come and go, but brothers and sisters stay." Much is aware in life, we are certainly I know that I need her, my sister will come. It has because it has happened so often. Two brief episodes from the years will suffice:

had a false flying test in primary school, my sports kit rotted. I didn't ask for a family visit, my telephone was enough of a treat day, my teacher, nervous and my sixteen-year-old sister was home bound from Oak Ridge, Tenn. to Lakeland, Florida. For the first of two nights and a day, they left my coach overflowing with GIs so that they could spend a week with me, then they returned in more conditions.

of difficulties. I finished flight school a month later and came back with silver wings and gold bars. My parents had moved back from Chicago to celebrate my graduation, but all my friends had left for the army and most of the girls I knew were colleges. Two days into my leave, I was phased my next-of-kin—my mother—to Fort Peck, Mont.

she, and told her that I "needed love" and wasn't having much fun." Just then, my sister packed her bags immediately and took the first train to Atlanta. Her husband of less than two weeks, a new Navy assignment, was out to sea for the day, so she left word for him with the Red Cross that she was off to spend the next week with her brother.

Who could ever deserve such love? What wife or lover could ever match it? We are still connected. We see each other almost every week. We phone each other almost every day. I have started the

Black women every day. I never go to a doctor without a companion course to her husband and mine. She lives just on the other side of Mount Thompson: thirteen, walking, hilly miles and four hours by hiking trail, nine miles and twenty-five minutes by street and freeway. Sometimes we give workshops together. She teaches communications skills and women's rights. On some occasions she spent several days explaining women's rights to Las Vegas farmers, dentists and jewelers as well, good seriously whipping their tawny questions back at them in a way that would leave the questioner speechless and the other women chuckling.

Among every recent memory of my past, one new shines in my memory. For two days we have been working with a group of managers from a large corporation. We have been discussing the investigation for possible discrimination (minorities/policies, our workshop as part of their affirmative action program). The managers have been polite but obstinate. More than a two-day workshop (we had to leave at 11:00 a.m. on the second day) equal rights for women and minorities in this traditional-based group. And yet, when time comes for the final statement, my sister is cheerful and unconcerned. She tells the managers that she is not a woman, she is a man, and for them as well. She declares this potentially misanthropic statement so unapologetically that they can't help laughing. She speaks of the power of the corporation, of the thousands of people who work for the company, and it seems that all over the world. She speaks of the need for equal opportunity, not just as a legal expedient or a matter of social justice but as a means for releasing

have languished in their midst. My sister is over fifty now, but she stands as straight and confident as she stood, adorned with serpents, at six. Her body is as true and pleasing to the eye as it was when she danced to the slow beat of "Mongoose" at fourteen. Her voice is clear and compelling. In spite of themselves, the managers are humane.

She speaks of the power of small groups of men and women, even of individuals, to make significant changes in the world. She won't try to press her viewpoint on them, she says, but only tell them her own

dream. In that dream, each one of them, not just through corporate directives but through the examples of their own lives, will act to nourish and further human abilities among employees who happen to be female or black or brown or yellow. My sister is a lovely woman who could probably pass for thirty-five, but the years are beginning to coach her face. I know that one will eventually triumph. Her essence, however, is still the same. She is still the bright-eyed girl I carried around under the watchful eye of our black maid in 1937. There are more www.illnessnews.com/heart

She tells the managers that their example can start a ripple that will spread throughout the corporation. Then the corporation, through its example, can send out ripples that will reach other corporations, bringing them courage to do what the heart knows is right. Large-scale shifts in basic attitudes, she says, don't happen overnight. Just personal commitment, personal example... can be an tomorrow morning. It can begin, in fact, right now.

The strangers are beating her, but some of them have lowered their eyes. My problem is different: sitting there among them, I have to blink to keep tears of love and pride from running down my cheeks. I'm not deserving myself. Some of the nuns here have been moved by her words, but not very many of them will have been moved by your attitudes here. You can attract more and more people. Impatience will probably work those corporate commanders for some time to come. That's not a happy thought. But I'm happy enough right now, happy to the point of tears. In fact, just to be living in a world that has managed to produce someone like my sister!

I was keen I have had something less often or women have had more than fifty years of trial, unacknowledged love.

A question arises: Could this love have lasted so many years, could it have been so strong, if somewhere along the way it had achieved erotic fulfillment? Might not there have been a brief interlude, one or two teenage years, when sister and brother could have joined in lovers work so lasting its effects? Probably not. Not in this place and time, not in this culture, this world.

I can see now that we need families that are warm and loving, in which intimacy and physical touch are the rule, not the exception. But each of us probably also needs (and here is my judgment) a nonerotic oasis in an erotic world, a place in which love can be freely expressed and experienced with no thought of eventual seduction or exploitation. Even if present in the family—there's no question about that—but within that magic circle area is constrained. Could it be that it is precisely this constraint that permits us greater freedom in the outside world? **Q**

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THE HOME COMPUTER BUSINESS

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a few of his friends. It's making
thieves out of everyone else*

Secrets of the Software Pirates

BY LEE GOMES

Home computers are America's newest technological frontier: a frontier that in five years has come to be populated with the denizens of compulsory outlaws. It has its trailblazers—the engineers who wrenched silicon chips away from control-room technicians, took them home, and built computers that weighed ten pounds. It has its settlers—the programmers who dug into the Space Invaders games, the financial-analysis packages, the word processors, the other software needed to keep a computer settlerment happy. And it has its outlaws—the software pirates, who ignore the frontier's no trespassing signs and are always found to steal that software.

There are more than three hundred companies in the business of supplying programs for the Apple II personal computer. There are also an unknown number of software pirates, and the two groups have made a point of making life difficult for each other, engaged as they are in an ongoing battle of technical wits. Apple software comes packaged on five-and-one-quarter-inch-square "floppy disks," which are almost always "protected"; that is, made so the programs they contain can't be copied onto another disk, which is ordinarily a routine task for the computer. Software houses spend a considerable amount of time, energy, and money protecting disks in order to prevent one Apple owner from, say, buying a new game and then making copies for all his friends. Pirates like that tend to deliver sales figures especially since blank disks cost about four dollars and

LEE GOMES works as a reporter for the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.



THESE OUTLAWS HIDE BEHIND THE SOFTWARE DISKS WHOSE PROTECTION SCHEMES THEY'VE BROKEN. THEY HAVE A NETWORK, A CODE OF HONOR, AND A QUIET PRIDE. THEIR OPPONENTS WOULD LOVE TO HIRE THEM.

some progress cost four hundred dollars. But a software pirate can't abide the notion that someone has done something with a disk that he can't use. For him, a protection scheme is nothing less than an obstacle to try and break. It may take him days at work, but break it the pirate always will, and all the copyright laws, all the ineffectual by software houses, all the antiquity of criminals in computer magazines only make the first taste sweeter. These a new approach to protection schemes got helped by pirates, the software houses go back, scratch their heads, and try to come up with still newer, more elaborate ways of staying a step ahead. Even though copies of a broken disk could be made in a day, it's not a pirate, but all his never tries to sell his work, not because merchandising pirated software is illegal (which it is) but because it is extremely bad form. Involving trades, cheap, are always considered, and pirates have set up trading networks for themselves that circumvent the courts.

A decade ago, before home computers, there were the phone franks, yesterday's technological outsiders, who with their palm-sized handsets could call home for as little as 10¢ a minute. A pirate could call a software pirate doesn't seem to be able to die. Dar as Silicon and avoid paying toll charges. All he asks is to be able to sit quietly in his living room and take advantage of the thousands of dollars' worth of software available for the Apple. For free. He would also, please, like to be able to make copies of these programs and give them to a few acquaintances. Copies that because of the digital nature of computer information are perfect when copied again, whether the copier has lived or died. Imagine the pleasure, the sense of accomplishment and sharing, that came to the pirate who first broke Microchem, which sells for \$24.95. Two weeks later, the story goes, he could sit at his desk and stare at his Apple for three. So could 2,500 of his friends.

Six years ago, Stephen Wozniak, who had always wanted to have his own computer at home, was a home computer salesman. He got out of the sales job and started his own company in California's Silicon Valley. He was getting bored working on calculators and asked if he could instead help with a personal computer project, which the rapidly declining size and price of computers was just beginning to make possible. Hewlett-Packard was no—three times, in fact—so Wozniak took to his living-room floor. He came up with a computer the size of a coke can, a green board dotted with integrated circuit chips that he sold for \$1,000. It was called the Apple I and a power supply to make it possible.

Wozniak was content passing out his schematics to friends, most of them other

computer hobbyists. Largely because of the urging and assistance of Steve Jobs, a high schooler who was then twenty-one, Wozniak decided also to sell his toy. The year started a little business called Apple Computer Inc. and put the Apple I on the market for \$666.66. (Wozniak was a characteristic of the young engineers, who was devoted on not through market research but because Jobs was then writing part of the year in an Apple Computer I. After about a half-dozen had been sold, Wozniak began talking with the Apple I. Jobs encouraged him to transform it into an appliance computer—a machine that anyone could use, not just hobbyists, could use. Wozniak went back to his living room floor and came up with the Apple II, the first true home-computer and one of the Apple's great fusions of ideas and engineering.

Later in 1976, Jobs met Mike Markkula, a thirty-year-old former Intel Corporation executive who walked right away that there was an audience beyond the membership of BYTE magazine for the machine that Wozniak and Jobs had developed. The three set out to market the Apple II as current and future. At least 1,200 that first year. In 1980, the company was expected to ship more than two hundred thousand. Early on, the small investors detail of Apple stock was attended to, and at one time a share, was valued to five hundred dollars. When it became a public corporation, the stock that once couldn't have gotten an engineer into an after-hours poker game was selling for thirty-five dollars a share. Apple stock, by several estimates, was worth \$100 million of the company's 1,500 employees. On December 12, 1980, the day that Apple Computer Inc. made its debut as a publicly traded company, the three owners of Wozniak, Jobs, and Markkula became worth more than a billion dollars.

Well before then, a new generation of Apple II hobbyists had developed, not the software, but university English professors, lawyers, musicians, and Wozniak was their cult hero. So when he wrote *Dragon's Blood* on paper? They called him the new hot thing in Apple. He was to become yet another big Silicon Valley computer company, paragonized with corporate growth and internal security, he always had been, the hobbyists, at heart.

ALL the pirate asks is to sit quietly in his living room and take advantage of thousands of dollars' worth of software. For free.

These days, Wozniak hardly ever goes to Apple's Cupertino headquarters, where his office is just a cubicle alongside those of the other engineers and programmers. He would execute any order he is given. "I first learned three or four years ago that work on his father's degree or playing with his dogs or flying his airplane or working on such projects as figuring the value of a mathematical constant, to 125,935 places on the Apple. The engineering problem, the one that was used in the construction of his own hobbyist past were all part of Wozniak's public image.

In talking around about software piracy, I discovered there were some private legends as well.

Even though I had owned an Apple for more than a year (with a library that included some pirated software) and had done a lot of programming on it myself, I hadn't shed my stereotypes about what computer programmers were supposed to look like. They were supposed to be, you know, nerds. But Bill Budge, who is the best known of all the programmers writing for the Apple, is a handsome, disheveled twenty-seven-year-old. Budge has lived computers much of his life but so does the whole computer-user idea that he spent a year at the University of California at Santa Cruz writing short stories and staying away from any machine more complicated than a telephone. "It just wasn't the image of me that I wanted," he said. But his case was of course, not Budge, and Budge returned to work his destiny. He bought an Apple and began writing games. The first was a variation on the Pong game that was great even for free. In Double Star, one of a package of four games released in 1980, Budge had inserted every spacecraft flying about the screen, the first instance that genuine three-di-

mensional effects had been achieved in an Apple game.

Up through Double Star, Budge's work created a number of impressive advances in Apple programming techniques, especially in his use of graphics. The game designers were mostly all idealists, all commercial arcade games. In contrast, in 1980 for a new game to write, Budge wanted to do something that hadn't been done with a computer, and he was up with the idea of computerized pinball games. He wrote a package called *Pinball*, which was a pinball game, but not of the type that Budge planned for this one.

The game presented a number of programming challenges, the most important of them, in fact, I'm concerned, are an unsolved problem. Budge said "They're the most important part of the game, because they're the only way the user can interface with it. I just had to get approximations of them." Budge was having the ball because it was a real pinball game. "There are problems everyone seems to have with balls bouncing off all things. Balls tend to go through things sometimes when they shouldn't." He also had to write his program so that it would be executable on a variety of hardware. "I first learned three or four years ago that work on his father's degree or playing with his dogs or flying his airplane or working on such projects as figuring the value of a mathematical constant, to 125,935 places on the Apple. The engineering problem, the one that was used in the construction of his own hobbyist past were all part of Wozniak's public image.

Budge sat composing at his Apple for more than a year before he was finished. He decided to call it *Raster Blaster*, inspired by Steve Wozniak's story "Blaster Blaster." A few weeks before it was due to be released, all that remained to be written was an anti-piracy protection scheme. "I knew it was going to be a pain," Budge said. "It always is. The program does everyone's scoring for you, and you've got to work on the protection. It's miserable." He called it a *Blaster*. Peter Rowe, and the two came up with a number of games. He got a job in an electronics store, where in between customers he commanded his studies. What was at first pure research soon became applied science. He wrote a program he called Sector Scanner, which looked through a protection disk and showed him a catalog from a standard Apple disk. It would become Greenleaf's trusty technician all his pirating adventures.

Greenleaf began breaking disks at a time when protection schemes were relatively unsophisticated. For pirates, the first worthy protection scheme was created in 1978 for Personal Software, one of the largest Apple-software suppliers, for a program called *ViCalc*, the best selling piece of software in the history of comput-

ers. One doesn't have a serious collection of pirated software unless it includes *ViCalc*, which otherwise costs \$59.95. The program is a kind of what the white box is, for example, a copy of an income-tax return is a ten-year financial projection or a completed engineering form and then quickly becomes a change in one figure affects all the others. Computer-store owners say that merely obtaining *ViCalc* is often sufficient to get a customer to buy an Apple. Greenleaf told me that seeing *ViCalc*'s protection scheme was one of the things that got him interested in piracy. In its first version, *ViCalc* was protected by simply changing the order of the bytes that told the computer where on the disk it happened to be at a given time. Today, pirates shake their heads when they think how something so simple had them so impressed.

Greenleaf continued to break disks, thinking all along that he was working in a normal way for a few friends. But gradually, lots of Apple owners came to know that there was a guy who had pals of his own software. They were used to see him at the store and called him by his name or by the name that he had to get an unlisted number. The evening I talked to Greenleaf, he spent the entire four hours of our conversation sitting nearly cross-legged in an armchair, looking back at his father of Cole's (Coca-Cola, I learned, is the trademark of computer people. I once had lunch with two programmers who in the course of an hour's rest ordered an Coke between them. They were eating *Coke*.) I had asked Greenleaf to show me how he would break *Raster Blaster*, but he wasn't home on the idea. Instead, he told me about the high point of his career as a pirate: when he cracked the protection scheme of *DeskTop Plus II*, a business-analysis pro-

RASTER Blaster was created by one of Apple's most admired programmers. It quickly became a hot item in the underground.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL LUGER

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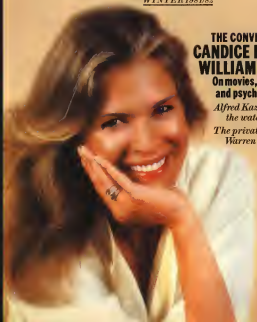
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CANDICE BERGEN &
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The dawn of a living horror comedy

IT'S A NIGHT INTERIOR, A COMMON man's version of an English professor's study, green leather chairs, a crystal whiskey decanter in the secretary's clock ticking like a mother's heart, a bookcase full of books, clockboard in wall and a clockboard on which a wild-haired gimp in white gloves is connecting the minutes and seconds of the black long and queen "Psalms" on the wall.

But Hollywood isn't only against a temporal clock; an unusual experience is to be studied beneath its sport shirt. First Weaver embraces his character's movie, fumbling with our keys, lifting an imaginary number, writing his line in a counter. A smile as we enter into the stage blood on Weaver's eyebrows and nose, and sprays a clear dust into his white latex shirt. George A. Romero, the director, rubs a waxy eye and looks around the set he has had constructed inside the gym of Penn Hall Academy, a shut-down high school southeast of Pittsburgh. Romero, a six-foot six-inch giant of a man, is dressed in a tan bush jacket and blue jeans. He notices the movie clock and instructs the crew to keep track of the movie time. The clock reads 9:35.

Then the crew relocates from Scene 9B, and it's just a two-minute transfer the lights as the director comes into the scene. Romero carries in a small box and anxiously lowers himself into the chair. He looks at the camera. He is a teacher from the decanter. Weaver says yes it with quivering fingers and wearily with the whiskey down.

"The only time I ever saw someone do that was in the movies," Henry says. "What's going on, Doc? Tell me." And so, Doc, the assistant, bubbles cheerfully.

BY RON HANSEN

First Horror writer of 'Disasters' is working on a new movie for King.

about two men sit and enter in a laboratory by "the thing in the crate," Henry another the role, chewed food in newspaper and makes Doc another drink, all the while plotting his which wonder by the crate creature.

The scene, a throwback to every crude but compassionate crazy-science film of the Forties and Fifties, is cozy, comfortable: you've heard the same conversation in maybe twenty monster movies, you're curious about of the creature, aware of every switchback and twist. Clucking his gimp friend's arm, Doc cries, "Thank God for you, Henry!" and even some of the crew members under the filmmaker have not missed a trick.

The movie is Creepshow and the script is by Stephen King, whose novel *Creepshow* and *The Shining* became starring films by Brian De Palma and Stanley Kubrick, and whose second novel, *Maximum Overdrive*, was a CBS event series. That's the connection between King and Romero: a movie executive saw Romero's 1977 suspense novel, *Morrie*, at a Utah film festival and asked him to direct *Savory Lot*, a project from which Romero eventually removed himself.

Nevertheless, Romero and King remained in contact, for the match of events was irresistible. "We had Stephen King and George Romero have in common is a lack of inhibitions," says Kirby McCauley, an agent who specializes in science fiction and fantasy. "Other writers and film-

makers dance around horror—those two plow right into it." George and I talk the same language as far as horror goes," agrees King. "Neither one of us has any interest at all in the Freudian or Jungian interpretations of what we're doing. We just want to scare people."

In the summer of 1978, Romero and producer Richard P. Rubenstein visited King's lake-side home in Maine to discuss a collaboration on *The Stand*, King's 225,000-word novel. According to King, "We got to talking about length problems and how we could make *The Stand* and keep our artistic integrity. Then we considered making another horror picture."

First, so we could make some money get good regulations, and keep the guys in the black state at a distance."

Within two months King wrote and self-narrated *Creepshow*, a conscious and affectionate imitation of William B. Seabrook's horror comics of the Fifties, screenplays like *World of Horror* and *Johns from the Crypt*, of which King was an avid reader as a child. Like them, *Creepshow* consists of five short stories ascribed with advertisements for Grit newspapers, Joe Romero, X-ray glasses, and novellas to *Amaze and Amaze True Friends*.

Whipped around these five stories is a sub, narrated by Maple Street, in Greenville, U.S.A. A boy named Billy (played by King's ten-year-old son, Joel) is in his room at night reading a comic book called *Creepshow*. When Billy's cruel father dis-



MASTERS OF HORROR: GEORGE ROMERO AND STEPHEN KING INSIDE THE GYM AT PENN HALL.

covers his early secret vice, he slaps the boy, scratches the comic book, and stuffs it into a garbage can in the street. Lightning flickers as the camera racks out the book in the can. The cover is barely seen, and we see *Creepshow* on the cover, a head in a sitting room beneath the title, "Father's Day." Then the lightning flashes, the splash page becomes a freeze frame, the actors move, and *Creepshow* the comic becomes *Creepshow* the \$3 million film.

The illustrations in the stories are classic: an autocratic father returns from the grave after seven years to chastise his errand daughter, a skeletal horror (played by King himself) unearths a monster that

seeds his land and his face with weeds, a printer and a student are both slaughtered by a monstrous monster inside a cab-scheduled critic. Says King, "The comic book form allowed us to pass the restrictions and characterizations down to bare skeletons and let us just go for scares."

The tone and mood of a creepshow is likewise being infused with the camera work and production design. Scrolled borders indicate flashbacks, stress behind an actress make the camera freeze with her scenes (like indicate time passage "Soon," "Later," "Meanwhile," "Creepshow will have to be fairly in reality work," says King. "But come in the way

that the Shogunspire tragedies were come—with a couple of ginsengs yucking it up. You got the audience laughing every now and a while, and it keeps them going in, they can't sit away completely, so the night shows stay open. That's what Hitchcock was great at."

Romero's are the sort of movies that some critics hate, but they've earned him a cult following. For Michael Gornik, director of photography on *Creepshow*, as well as on Romero's *Dance of the Dead* and *Kingdoms*, only the script has changed, the *Creepshow* on page 76.

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some treatment of botany material was there ever since *Night of the Living Dead*. "Aside from the physical differences here, the lighting differences and so forth, I think much of the way I normally shoot and George's style of shot selection and cutting pretty much lend themselves to the comic-book format. The overall feel has always been with us."

"I think most of the people who like my films like the humor and eccentricity in them," says Romero. "Of course, most go to the theater to blow it off. But people who seem to have real questions about my films do seem to like the fact that they're taking a new perspective on ground that's been covered before."

And then too there is this recurrent sense of childhood's certainties, of what's good and what's evil and of past disasters. Producer Rubenstein concurs: "I think George has always regarded history and horror as basically allegorical, and that's something he has in common even with Grimm's fairy tales. He says it's a way of doing morality plays and still remaining cinematic. You look at these stories in *Cremation*, and it's war and rebellion in almost every case."

Special-effects creator Tibb Sereno is in charge of re-creation, lubricating for this movie melting caresses and crucifixes and a woman's head that gets pinned off her neck. But *Cremation* isn't like me of those hackbacked horror films currently making the rounds. Romero's scenes are motivated by what Rubenstein calls "violence so stylized that the audience can't forget they're watching a movie."

Consider day director of shooting Adriano Barbano is about to be murdered by Hil Holbrook, her husband. Romero calls "Achose" and Barbano scowls. She looks unamused, ready to strike. She waves in front of a tree and screams at Holbrook's screams. "My God, Henry! What's wrong now?"

In the reverse scene, Holbrook will smile. It's a revolver, and he. Satisfied, he'll say, "Nothing's wrong. Write. Everything's fine."

But now there is one last bit the critics and Barbano on the set. She rejects the two angry sentences and then, on cue, a small action is shot from her plateaued forehead, leaving the impression of a bullet hole between her eyes. At the same time two balloons inflated with stage blood are burst from the rear of her skull, leaving the tree with Kuro spray.

It's a scary, rarely revealing scene, what Rubenstein calls "a chase jumpscare" but at the next instant the shot is treated by one of Romero's very own. He blows away, with his skull intact she screams, makes her eyes flutter slightly and roll back, and then sinks from the frame like a fallen hunger of clothes.

The only time I ever saw someone do that was in the theater

RETROSPECTIVE

On the Waterfront

An angry and idealistic movie—the kind they don't make anymore

TO SEE ELIA KAZAN'S *ON THE WATERFRONT* today is to see with a grip how simple, cruel, and necessary American movies used to be—how much we owe them for our lasting images of American life—and to see that we get more satisfied, comely, every year.

On *On the Waterfront* was an once-legendary powerful film. Corruption by union-ruling mobsters was still a "new," shocking, subject when the movie was made in 1954. Martin Scorsese was still fresh, a young, baby-faced fighter whose character somehow expressed the essence of some great hurt. The way that freshmen played off against Lee J. Cobb as Johnny Friendly, the mobster head of the Hoboken local and exploiter of the Irish longshoremen, made the picture. Cobb no more resembled a tough dockside brute than Marlon Brando does, but he did carry, in every angry jerk of his arm away from his capacious body, in every lowering rise of the nose, the sense of a life that had begun with a innocent childhood, that other memory of being put upon, which made you shoulder it as his love. His sense of outrage would have overwhelmed me even if he had been cast in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

On *On the Waterfront* depicted the Hoboken neighborhood as really and did union corruption. It went all out for ethnic realism. Kazan featured real longshoremen, he even brought out real playwrights.

BY ALFRED KAZIN

Alfred Kazan's books include *On Screen* (New York: Jove) and *Starting Out in the Thirties*

ere to play the games. His fish yards and yards of molasses, dark Irish churches, smoke curling out of ash barrels—and everything was starkly Hoboken, black and white. Leonard Bernstein provided a suitably discordant musical score. Paul Mantee, with his potato nose, looking "strong" in every glance, played the Irish priest who wears the longshoremen about the evil Friendly. The only color in the picture is supplied by Eva Marie Saint, and she wears a black coat.

The angry idealism by *On the Waterfront* was in Elia Kazan's script. But the cruel power concentrating it for Elia Kazan's camera came from Elia Kazan, who brought to it a ferocity that would now befit any young filmmaker captured by Coppola's rapine with corruption in *The Godfather*. Kazan was bitter, career, weary in *On the Waterfront* because that was the nature of his subject: a lifeless, exploded working man in one of the hardest environments on this continent. Every scene had to look tight, as hard as possible. The special heat Kazan brought to the picture came from his frustrated hopes for the labor movement. Kazan, like Schindler, was a disenchanted ex-Communist. His disillusionment with the party must have turned him off from labor as well, which is portrayed in the film with great respect.

Brando plays Terry Malloy, an ex-prizefighter ("I could burn a candle" is the kind of thing people used to say in the Thirties) whose brother (Rod Steiger), a legal adviser to the mob, ruined his chance for the rule by covering him to throw a fight. Brando tries to hide

his guilt after he unwittingly leads a union rebel to his death, then slowly turns against Cobb under urgings from Malloy and Saint, the dead man's sister. In the film's greatest scene, Steiger pleads with Brando in the back of a taxi not to expose Cobb to the Waterfront Crime Commission. Finally he realizes that his own corruption is responsible for Brando's newfound militancy and, moments later, goes to his death.

A marilyn play? Brando's love for Saint is pure. Saint herself, with her jeweled brows, her individual "good girl" persona, is so remarkably angry even as her slip that there is no danger that the two will jump their wedding night. Their premarital, coupled with Brando's masculine idealism as the lone rebel who in the last shot carries the membership against disgusting Lee Cobb, all placed squarely within the context of Kazan's noble conviction for the simplicity of the Thirties, made me cry. How did we get here from there? Our world has not been black and white since *Hiroshima* followed *Heller*. But victims of the Thirties do not give us their decade easily. It is strange, for me, vaguely poignant, to see Brando (who has just been beaten almost to death by goons) getting up with pride and grinning at his side to lead the men away from their mobster boss. Brando carries this off because he is able to display moral growth here. It is not the Brando we know now, satisfied with what has to be done to many stages of him.

It is chilling to recall that, by contrast, mobsters are heroes in *The Godfather*. In *Prince of the City* the audience laughs and



LEE J. COBB AS THE VICTIM'S MR. FRIENDLY BARES HIS SCAR TO A TUGGL BAREFACED BRANDO

cheers when Jerry DeLoach, as a corrupt spy, kneels and links with a fellow spy, though sitting beside a priest. I could not see how he could not be a hypocrite, though, that what the audience was laughing over was the implication that nowadays criminals and prosecutors are made morally even by being equal offenders in the same ring. But *On the Waterfront* is an old-fashioned that it is even underscored by religious symbolism—the great act goes down to us the last rites for a rebellious longshoreman killed in the hold is carried up to the “almshouse” like a vestments of God. And after Striker is denounced because from a book, *Barbaric*

lovingly takes her down in her arms as a
sign of the departure from the coast.

None of this would even be straggled in a film today. We lack context. We lack passion. Americans need to believe they were the most moral people in the world; they are now convinced they are just the most put-upon. Even the decade's social ills differed. There are fewer slums around, few leprosy colonies—and they get a guaranteed minimum wage. They don't go to jail for using vice city. Thomas (Glenon, chief of the International Longshoremen's Association), defies his President by ordering his men not to load or unload Soviet ships, as a protest against

the invasion of Afghanistan. Johnny Friendly would never have heard of

Other times, other minds! But there is a threat to *Ow the Hallelujah* that we haven't seen in any American film in the quarter century since. It is not that the times are different or that we are. It is just that we lack horizon, we lack dreams. We lack that old clear sense of purpose. And if we have lost that sense of purpose, we can be sure the people who make movies today never even knew it existed.



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The Cutter's Way

Tom Rolf on the craft of film editing

Tom Rolf's credits include Taxi Driver, Black Sunday, Blue Velvet, New York New York, Heaven's Gate, and most recently, Ghost Story.

IF I'M DOING GOOD WORK, ANY film I cut will be the smoothest, most economical, and most interesting reading of the director's material. Simply put, the director shoots, or "covers" a scene from a number of camera positions, or "angles"; the director and I choose the best takes (taking in mind technical and performance values), and I compose the scene so that the action is always viewed from the most logical or meaningful angle. The idea is to give the audience a sense of direction, purpose, vision, and to give the action a pace or rhythm that leads to its conclusion.

I'll give you an example. In editing a sleek western/cowboy game show, I'd like to be dealing with a master shot—generally a medium to long angle on the scene played from beginning to end with all the actors visible—individual close-ups of five players, extreme close-ups of five sets of eyes, shots of five pairs of hands, of the ten-thousand-dollar pot, and certainly of five guns. That's a total of twenty-two angles to choose from as I move toward the winning of a particular hand. In all I might make sixty to eighty cuts back and forth during the game.

Generally I start work on the first day of shooting, and one reason for this is to make sure the director gives me enough options to make the scenes work. When a film contains sequences where every camera angle and cut can be preplanned,

I may come in even earlier. This was the case with *Black Sunday*. Before filming began, the director, John Frankenheimer, and I saty-boarded—stretched out in chair-swing style—the elaborate dramatic sequence where a Godfrey Huggins dress (on the George Lowe) during the Super Bowl game.

For that sequence we decided which parts we could do with minimum takes (to devise this involves acting in a studio with location or inch shots) or some other kind of process work and which parts we would need to shoot live. Then we planned how to cut between them. We positioned ten cameras to shoot, in se-

A BOY tells a girl "I love you"; I've got close-ups of both: Should I show the startled look on the girl's face or feature his, with its great depth of feeling?

quence, Robert Stone and Peter Weaver, parts of a thirty-eight thousand and, the actual 1976 Super Bowl game as it was being played. (No chance for retakes there.) The collaboration was so seamless that when I look at the print now it's hard to say which portions of the result came from my ideas. Some people insist that point-of-view is an essential part of film direction, but in my way of cut I direct the picture. I'm an editor, an enhancer; I work to provide a different perspective on the film.

In general, I try to stay close to the director while the film is shooting. I review the daily rushes with him, making a preference for specific takes or time readings. This is important to the editing room to cut together the footage for him to look at. An editing room—whether it's a studio or in a

hotel on location—is about twenty by twenty feet, or large enough to hold a man cutting bench, a KEM (a modern flatbed facility for viewing and making footage), an old-style Moviola, which I also like to use, a sound reader, a synchronizer, and, most important, a good assistant. The actual cutting is done with a machine called a butt splicer, which allows you literally to butt the ends of two pieces of film together with transparent tape.

I also try to spend time on the set, just to cover my bases. Say I arrive there to find that the director is about to shoot a scene of two people talking and talking, but he's doing the whole thing as a tracking shot (That's when the camera moves alongside the couple on specially laid tracks or on a dolly, maintaining the same distance from them throughout their progress.) It's almost automatic that physical movement in guides on film than it is in nature, and since a tracking shot captures the couple at "natural," or real-life, speed, they're becoming a very interesting

entity, that or passing a very interesting background or both. Because if this scene should turn out to be a little dramatic, I'm going to have nothing to cut away to in order to pick up the pace. It's cutting away—to a point-of-view shot of a wall hanging, to a close-up of another character's admiring glance—that gives a movie person across a room at three times the natural speed.) So I might suggest that



ROLF IN THE CUTTING ROOM. HE TOOK THE DIRECTOR'S ADVICE AND BECAME AN EDITOR FIRST.

the director shoot individual close-ups and possibly also a reverse angle, so that I will have some cutting options left in to pick up the pace. The director may take the suggestion or reject it. But if he believes it, you hope he knows something that you don't, because there's no satisfaction in being proved right and then being associated with a film that puts people to sleep.

In the meantime I'm preparing a complete version of the film—an editor's cut, or "first cut," as it is called, which incorporates the director's suggestions but is theoretically the editor's shot on the material. Ideally, I've had an angle but not an overwhelming amount of footage is work-

with, but that's still a lot of film, so where do I begin?

Quite simply, the scene itself speaks to me, telling me where the viewer's attention should be. In a scene where a boy tells a girl "I love you" and I've got close-ups of both, I have to ask myself if it is better to show the startling effect of this information on the girl's face or to feature the boy's face with his great depth of feeling. Your instinctive response to questions like that is what makes editing a creative process. Learning to trust my instincts took a while; in the past I tended to overcut—probably to justify my role as editor—and I was often ineffective be-

cause of trying to please others instead of trying to please myself.

This first cut will range from about ten to one hundred minutes longer than the finished film will be. It will include too many drive-by and other point-of-view shots that you hope will be uncharacteristically recognized as film and dispensed with. It will include sixty shots—the actual scene through a horse's stamper—a sequence—that you may dispose but that you will include anyway because the director shot them, after all. Generally I'll try to talk the director out of that sort of thing by appealing to his reason, possibly arguing that the picture is too good to need such

INTERVIEW BY
DONALD CHASE

Donna Cooper wrote regularly about film and is the author of *Filmmaking: The Collaborative Art*.

Candice Bergen & William Styron

The following conversation was held on two successive afternoons in Bergen's apartment, which is dominated by a massive glass wall overlooking Central Park and filled with Indian and Oriental furnishings collected by the actress. Bergen had just returned from France, where she'd spent the summer with director Louis Malle, to whom she has been married a year. Styron, who summers on Martha's Vineyard, arrived in New York via South Carolina, one of his frequent returns to his native South. The two addressed each other from opposite ends of a sofa. The interaction was cautiously informal. Bergen, dressed in a blue-and-white cotton and burnout the first dry made coffee for the writer, who arrived for each session after lunch in a Japanese restaurant. —Lee Eisenberg

William Styron: I was thinking that we would be very self-conscious starting out. **Candice Bergen:** Yes, I thought that today would be completely writers off. **W.S.:** Well, let's just chew the fat. I remember that I was once in an interview with you for *Esquire* about ten years ago. For some reason it didn't happen, and I can't remember why. Must have been the format of the times. It was '68 and everybody was overindulged by what was going on in Chicago in terms of the strike and turmoil. Do you remember?

C.B.: I remember you wearing a suit jacket. That's that far back?

W.S.: Such things stick in the mind.

C.B.: And Sam Waggoner. I think, it was a very strange time to be in Los Angeles. Around the time when Martin Luther King was killed, I remember people driving in Mercedeses with their headlights on as an obscenity of his death. I remember thinking how bizarre these people were, wearing Nehru jackets, flaring peace signs.

W.S.: It was radical that time, no doubt about it. The other thing I was supposed to do in California was to videotape my time to the McCarthy campaign and to discuss the movie to be made from *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. I found myself in a conversation with Chase Davis and Ruby Dee, who were my adversaries, with Jimmy Balaban serving as a mediator. There was also a strange, middle-aged woman who hated my guts from the moment she laid eyes on me. Benji... what was her name?

C.B.: Richards.

W.S.: Rich, Richards, yes. Anyway, it was at this time I began to see how comely Hollywood beauty is. I'd always heard that but I saw it firsthand with *Nat Turner* at 30th Century-Fox. David Walcott, who was connected with the movie, was being beset by blacks

and didn't know how to handle it. I knew from the moment I arrived that if this movie—which had been bought for a lot of money—was going to be made, it would be made in a different fashion from the way I had conceived it. The producers were absolutely terrified. As we sat around the studio, I sensed a great deal of apprehension and misery, a feeling that there was going to be a large compromise. There was another black woman whose name escapes me now. She was a prominent assistant of the screenwriters guild of Hollywood and was the ringleader of the attack on the book. She was incredibly shrill, saying that if the book became a movie it would be boycotted from Seattle to Palo Alto by every black in America. I now know that concerned so that the book was deemed as a movie property. The script had been totally changed around, and even though I was steadfastly opposed to any idea that would alter the concept of *Nat Turner*—gives him a wife, for example—they were indeed going to give her a wife, make her a race, blacken black bay. By the time I left Hollywood, after I met you, I had abandoned any connection with the movie. I hated them and they hated me. I was the man they first courted and were to love with, but at the end they were to say they were going to use my guts, confront their consciences, and make a good movie. The blacks had scored Hollywood out of its wits.

C.B.: Are you concerned about what will happen to *Sophia's Choice*?

W.S.: Well, I think *Sophia* is a different matter. There has not been any kind of major re-treatment or reaction against the book, so I think it will come through fine. I hope. But I don't have anything to do with it. I'm on very good terms with director Alan Pakula, and he is a selection of my feelings about the book. He has written the script, and I've read it and like it very much.



WILLIAM STYRON AND CANDICE BERGEN IN THE ACTRESS'S APARTMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.

C.B.: I think it was brave of him to write that script. This is not a comedy film to choose to make.

W.S.: No, he's taking off in it, and taking a big risk. It's an enormous challenge to try and interpret a novel of any sort into a film. As one of the most perceptive creative desks you could set your mind to.

C.B.: Yes. In fact, I've spent the latter part of my life trying to back the road of seeing life as a film. If you grow up in Beverly Hills or Hollywood, everything is larger than life and there is nothing that is not possible. How can it be otherwise when your father is playing *Ben-Hur* or *Spartacus*, or creating an and theater, or

making deserts bloom with only...

W.S.: Magic.

C.B.: Or a place with. These days, very shy, I don't see as many films as I should. I'd really rather read.

W.S.: I was just reading about Meryl Streep in a recent issue of *Time* magazine. Streep, at least according to this story, describes herself as falling on her knees at the sight of *Pakula*, saying, "I have to play this role." I don't know Meryl Streep, but I know enough about her to know that the novel must have moved her in some way to cause her to conceive of it as anything so pragmatic as a vehicle for her art.

There wouldn't be anything wrong with

her seeing herself as *Sophia* in the end, but plainly she had to respond to the book on a certain complexity of levels to want to play the role in the first place. That, you know, I've often been baffled by the schism between Hollywood and literature. I've tried to figure out how many good novels have been turned into good movies and I don't come up with too many.

C.B.: Yes, there seems to be something opposing in the process.

W.S.: One would think, for instance—because of its great simplicity of story and richness—that a book like *Thelma & Louise* would make one of the fine movies of

all time. And it has been used over and over and every version is a rehash. Yet here is this magnificent and glorious story with humor, horror, and the anguish of slavery, and it just somehow eludes Hollywood. I just don't think you can duplicate the same emotions and the screen and on paper. You can approximate them, not duplicate them.

C.B.: Still, there is something reassuring about the fact that people are still interested in translating novels as ambitious as yours into films.

BERGEN:

There is something reassuring about the fact that people are still interested in attempting to translate novels as ambitious as yours into films.

W.S.: Along those lines I was just reading a review in *Newsweek* by Jack Newell, I believe. He was describing a new movie, *An American in London*, which he called the best example of a work by a "man-guy-director." And respects a certain kind of technical expertise in it but hates the movie because he feels it is representative of an absolutely empty kind of cinematic expression. It involves ponder endlessly to create sensation, the ones that you and I have been talking about will be driven off the market entirely.

C.B.: I think we are dealing in borrowed time as it is. There are no scenes when I perceive us as being on the brink of another Dark Age: a media sickness of mindlessness. It is the responsibility of people like you to have the courage and talent to fight the trend.

W.S.: Well, I've not resolved in any direct way with the movies. I can only write books, which I hope might be transcribed to the screen with some intelligence and sensitivity. Finally the trend is becoming the other direction. The last day here in New York I saw *Body Heat*. Do you know anything about it?

C.B.: Just through review. W.S.: It's to my mind an utterly empty movie. It had a couple of virtues in being placed together with extreme skill and with some good acting. Jack (Wills) Hunt was an interesting actor, and the movie is therefore redeemed slightly by his performance. But I'm appalled by the usage of talent. I can't understand why people should associate themselves with such a mediocre technology as theirs. I guess it creates a sense of place and time with great skill, then and up with something that is morally dead. The movie never comes to grips with the subject. It ends up a hopelessly jumbled thriller. What attracts me is this

Hollywood over and over again will put together huge amounts of money to turn out these profoundly empty films. It is as if what people want, maybe that is what they are supplying them. Maybe people don't want *Splash* or *The Poseidon Adventure* or *Woman*. We'll find out.

Nevertheless, let's not be too excited about movies. There will always be mass culture. What I'm mostly opposed to is a

kind of soft-core pornography of violence. I don't need the sex so much.

C.B.: What about a film like *Caligula*?

W.S.: I refused to see it. I probably should have. C.B.: Well, I went for about a half hour and came out discouraged. The combination of what was on the screen and what was in the audience was enough to just... oh, God, it was enough to see! The theater was full of animals. I mean, there were animals in tank coats with Vaseline bags, and there were animals with paper bags and animals in overcoats. It was a great collection of the things of Manhattan, and they came from every level. It was terrible.

W.S.: Let me ask you a question. Why, when hard-core pornography is available right next to your cinema dragons—

all over Manhattan, why do people go to *Caligula*? Because it's the exhibit of high-level cinematography and all the accurate details of a big film?

C.B.: I think what actually brought people is that that it was an indelibly immoral movie. There is some other scene that debates every kind of virtue. There is something so chilling and cold-blooded about it. There is a scene where a virgin in Rome is to be married to a rich young man. On that wedding day Caligula screws both of them. Screws him in the ass. So it's most disgusting and desecrating—just the scene we were talking about. The next thing you see is Caligula's head in a basket mixed up to his neck in the street, and some sort of strange tractor with a rotating axle comes by to tip off his head. The audience loved it. They were audited not only by the violence on the screen but by what

violence does to nature and loyalty. W.S.: Well, do you think that *Caligula* might represent a phenomenon? That there's a certain high style about it that seems to attract people for whom snuff is not the *Pasquot* Cinema might be into it?

C.B.: Sure, because in *Caligula* you have Malcolm McDowell and Sir John Gielgud.

W.S.: I think you're saying that what makes a movie like *Caligula* so important is not so much the violence, but the way it is opposed to hard-core, unabashed pornography, in that *Caligula* tries to present a view of life, a vision of life, whereas hard-core pornography has one intent: to stimulate a sexual appetite. Incidentally I don't and perhaps cannot about pornography per se. It's always been expressed by a statement of Joyce Carol Oates, who said—and I'm paraphrasing badly—that people who loved pornography were like religious visitors. You know, it's just something that they have to have. But so long as children are not exposed to it, so long as it's set off in a private precinct, why not allow people to have their own little kinky religion? It seems to me that what makes *Caligula* repulsive is that it's in the public street, and in a kind of analogous way.

C.B.: The pornography had nothing to do with my reaction to the film. I would have been quite happy if it had stopped with the pornography. But it was the animalistic violence I've just seen.

W.S.: Well, let me ask you something along parallel lines. What about a movie that I found certainly utterly heinous but also otherwise... *Schindler's List*. I found it a

disgrace because of the kind of rape, because it did not discriminate anything about life that I found worth discriminating. And it wanted some extremely talented people. Wacziarg Beatty, who I think is a marvelous actor, and Julie Christie, and others.

W.S.: I think even if it is totally sick and anti-humanistic enterprise. Now, that is a far cry from *Caligula*. I'm not trying to make any comparison whatsoever, but I think what we're trying to describe is a kind of... you use the word "backstage," I think we are talking about a near biologically of public sensibility. C.B.: Do you think it's irreparable? Don't you think we're sort of backing into an irreversible global con?

W.S.: I sometimes think so, and then I back up and I say, in my voice of wisdom, "That was it always." Wise people have been shouting down about mass culture

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creations." I said yes, I'll answer it and I'll be the king. And she said, "Mr. Styron, despite everything I've said I think you are capable of being a very nasty man." I suddenly realized that last of clay had developed. I hung up without getting on her. She wanted to discover something up in me. And I gave her the opportunity to find it.

C.B.: I know the feeling. In the last few years I have had to make conscious efforts not to try to be someone more intelligent, someone more attractive, someone more gracious, someone more polite than I am capable of being. If you don't, you start to accumulate not only a mammoth sense of inadequacy as a huge weight of rage against the people who want you to be things you are not necessarily. I've found for much of my life that people aspired to me to be someone not terribly agreeable, someone cold and distant. I was kind of on call to be someone who looked a certain way, and I didn't do very well. So I set myself little tasks, to go places without making an effort physically, to do things without making an effort emotionally.

W.S.: When you suddenly see, "I don't care to satisfy other people's preconceived notions of me," and that "I can resist my own adversities socially, you be yourself. What impression are about what you are saying is that you do so in an awful entanglement, an awful gassy mass of needless hindrances."

C.B.: Do you stay away from certain social situations?

W.S.: I have been accused in recent years of being very miserly in my social contacts. Indeed, once being antisocial. And I am to some extent. I don't like—I hesitate—parties.

C.B.: There's a point where you have to make a choice. There was a time I thought my task was to somehow overcome the fear and the trembling that I felt in certain social encounters. Then I realized that there were so many other things of real import that I should overcome. Now I consciously try to avoid public situations where I am all at ease—but when I am at ease, I'm most at ease than I used to be.

Getting older is very helpful in all of this. I am sure that there is not much of it left means that.

W.S.: Exactly.

C.B.: What finally matters is some kind of works that you feel good about, to have a family and friends. What a relief not to try

to be anybody else. When I am nervous or uncomfortable I try not to camouflage it. Once you avoid disguising your discomfort you feel easier.

W.S.: Well, maybe the word is self-possession.

C.B.: Yes, but the trick is to avoid self-consciousness.

W.S.: Speaking of your work, I loved your role in *Rich and Famous*. For me, the movie came within a hair's breadth of being a disaster when you were on-screen and tended to go off the track when you were not on the screen. Now, all that aside, how do you feel about playing a role as false as that, as tough as it is?

C.B.: All of a sudden you're playing yourself, aren't you? There was a continuity to the role that I responded to greatly. Also, I might add, I liked the southern accent.

C.B.: Well, I sort of owned that accent myself. I said to find one that would be funny. It's not an accurate accent at all, of course.

W.S.: It's upper South, or border South, which I have a pretty good ear for. I heard it very accurately.

C.B.: You know, I went around the city for weeks listening for southern accents. I finally heard one that was much too strong but that I liked because I hadn't

heard it as often before. Then I just tried to take it way down, to throw in a little Rosalynn Carter and then I've never had such a good time working. I could do anything, and I just loved being funny. I have found that the way I'm most comfortable, I think because it was not something I was ever terribly at ease with. I was always disappointed by an instant self-rejection, a sort of automatic resentment. As soon as I really made the commitment to play some one slightly foolish—and to do that as honestly as I could—there was much more of that character in me than I would have ever dared admit. There was something there not about getting to do that. I loved it.

W.S.: One of the more interesting aspects of your role in *Rich and Famous* is that there are times when your character

is a real hard mother and thoroughly disagreeable. But that to me is the best. There seems to be a realistic realism among actresses to only play good, good women.

C.B.: That's why I originally wanted to do *Jurassic* [blow part]. I thought this woman was really beyond belief. I was crushed when I had to play the frigate, but, of course, it's the best thing that ever happened to me. In *Jurassic* I was, too. I wanted to do *Jurassic* because I thought I couldn't stand the part I played. But that was something wonderful about addressing yourself to the task of playing someone that you don't necessarily like. Because it means you have to address things as you are, not as you wish them to be.

W.S.: Your character in *Rich and Famous* was sort of a macabre role, because you changed throughout the movie in a very remarkable way. There is that wonderful scene you have when you are willing across the creek in that very romantic cast. To me, that typified the complexity of the role because it's clumsy and graceful at the same time. It surprised so much about the girl, who is not 16 percent appealing.

C.B.: Oh, she's loathsome! I really find her loathsome. There are only a few moments when she's not entirely reprehensible, but I could play her forever.

W.S.: I want to ask you this as a kind of footnote. How could George C. Scott, director of such films as *The Philadelphia Story*, that eighty-two-year-old man, do a scene like the one in the *Employee's Entrance*?

C.B.: Well, there were a lot of us who would have liked to see that scene staged. As far as how he did it, he did it with a certain amount of self-consciousness. Also with a certain amount of naked tenderness.

W.S.: Well, I thought, if you'll pardon the expression, he pulled it off very well. With that wonderful interacting with the last one and all.

C.B.: All that was in the script.

W.S.: I have nothing against it. I was just curious as to how this venerable figure who has directed two dozen movies in which you had to have single beds all the sudden creates this incredible scene.

C.B.: You know, venerable in reputation he is, venerable in person he is not. He is our same old, same old person with an awe some reputation. He is really funny and witty and bawdy beyond words.

W.S.: Yes. Well, I was impressed by it. And I was curious about the paradox. ☐

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a brief encounter with **BERNADETTE
PETERS**

SHE WAS BORN IN QUEENS, in a section called Ozone Park, which is appropriate. Bernadette Peters is vigorous. She's a delicately carved miniature who doesn't speak so much as expel puffs of air from her pouting, cherry-red lips.

Tonight she seems to have charged her hair with electricity, causing it to explode up from her tiny head. She wears a cream-colored leotard dress that celebrates her curves, has draped a rustle of gold-tipped leaves around her neck, and sports copper snakeskin shoes. Sitting here over drinks and coffee, she responds politely, though she guards her words as carefully as Dumas held to her chastity.

By her own admission, there is no serious public perception of her. She sings, she acts, she dances. The material she renders, the roles she plays, are various to the extreme. On no account recording the song everything from *Molotov* to *Sondheim* to *Presley* to *Hendrix*, belting, crooning, wailing.

Her big break came in 1988, when she was nineteen, in the off-Broadway production of *Dances at Sun*. She played a small-town chorus girl who topped her way from the bus depot to stardom in a mere twenty-four hours. "*Aladdin*," gasped *The New York Times*. She was sixteen in the 1972 musical *On the Town*, again for her efforts in *Mac* & *Mabel* three years later. She then went to Hollywood, playing in a wide assortment of groundbreaking holidays: *The Longest Yard*, *R.C. Fables* and *My Sister Sam*, and *The Job*, in which she costarred with Steve Martin, with whom she "has been going" for four years. This season she can be seen in two new pictures: *Manhattan*, in which she and Andy Kaufman croak a cabaret, and *Private* (from *Private*), in which she plays a music teacher crushed by the hard times and elegant demands of America in the Thirties.

With some effort you can learn that she was christened Bernadette Lazzaro and was urged to the stage by her mother, Marge, with the tacit consent of her father, a strict, hardworking man who drove a local truck. She made private deals with good restaurants. She is direct to a point. Then the misty curtain drops. And she staves back, calmly waiting to turn aside the next query. Even before engaging in this exchange, she asked that it not be "his" day.

She recalls her childhood in Queens. "We lived in a red, not brick, some kind of shaggy house. It was a two-family house, divided upper and lower. We lived on the bottom, in six rooms, including a porch where my brother slept. I shared a bedroom with my older sister, Donna. I remember that Sunday was the important day, the family day. There was always a big meal. My father had taught up at one o'clock to go to work. He came home at three in the afternoon. He, then went to bed. So we didn't see much of him except on Sunday."

"Was he a first-generation American?"
"Yes. His dad at a mad story. His mother came over from Italy and was married two years when she had him and his brother. Then her husband got sick and went back to Italy to get well. And he died there. She never remarried. Italian women didn't do that back then."

"And your mother?"
"You mean, what was she like?" A long pause. "A modern woman. That is, she's very independent. That would have been her type. Her father died when she was eleven, so I don't think she'd had a feminine thing built into her. She wanted to be an actress but wasn't allowed."

"Why did she encourage your career? Did she seek certain gratifications through you?"

"Well, a little bit, yeah. My sister, who's nine years older, took all kinds of classes, went to the High School of Performing Arts, took tap lessons and all. I would sometimes go with her, or when she'd come home she would teach me the steps."

"How would you describe yourself back then?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HANCOCK. STYLING: JANE ROSS. HAIR: JANE ROSS. MAKEUP: JANE ROSS. DRESS: JANE ROSS.

She sits motionless. Through her no-frills dress she has traces of innocence, her appealing, girlish voice has an edge to it. "Why should I answer that?" she asks smiling. "It's going to be in an article."

"Yes, but we're talking about when you were fifteen. And you needn't reveal intimate details."

"Okay, but in what way do you mean?" "Let's start with what you looked like back then."

"I was always a little bit overweight. But not a fat girl. My face was, um, okay. I

remember she is relaxed. She discusses her role in *Private* from *Private*. "I play a young woman who starts out as a shy teacher. A music professor—he sells song sheets—sneaks around and falls in love on sight. The chemistry in the movie escape me at the day."

"In the songs, everything is wonderful while their lives are very hard. They don't sing in their own voices, they sing in the voices of the records of the time. For instance, I sang in Helen Kane's voice, and

After listening to the answers—a couple of movies, one of her plays, a kind of a party with her records—she observes a fan. "There are many different perceptions of me, as far as the public is concerned. I realized recently that people live in different time slots. There are those who know me only from the TV series I did, *Ally*. And then there are those who only know my songs or my movies, or have only seen my nightclub act."

"You've played the big spots in Las Vegas, haven't you?"

"Yes, but not for a while." "What's that like, playing Las Vegas?"

"Well, I like the performing but it's hard because you have three hours between shows. One at eight and the second at midnight. If I remember correctly, I don't like to go out between them or sit, so I usually watch TV. The first night, I slept but that's not a good idea because you have to get up and start singing again."

"Do you get nervous each time you go on?"

"No, except maybe on the first night of a new act, but even then I was nervous when the circumstances are the same then after time."

She shows little inclination to reflect on the nature of auditions. She asserts that the crowd almost always knows a good performance when it sees one and hardly ever over-rewards an appreciation post a performer's day.

On the subject of love, on the subject of marriage, on the subject of her own independence, she maintains her cool, moderate perspective. She says she is reading *Condoleezza* by Condoleezza, which discusses her own ambivalence.

"Sometimes I think marriage is what I want, and sometimes I think it's just a convenience."

"But you're as good as married now, aren't you?"

"Yes, somewhat. But I'm very private about my private life."

"You're also private about your public life—though that's certainly a reasonable thing to be."

"In a way I feel that it actually serves the public better. If I give away too much there won't be a whole person for them to see."

"That looks like an engagement ring on your hand."

"Doesn't it," she says with a mischievous grin. "But it's just a costume diamond set."

Unwittingly, she could have been describing herself. ☐



didn't think I was that attractive. I wasn't an ugly girl, but I wasn't queen of the prom, either."

"Were you concerned with being popular?"

"Well, I was always sort of the second best friend to the most popular girl. I guess it was important to me to be with the popular girls. I suppose I was a kind of mediator. When two kids were fighting, I would say, 'Look, you don't really mean that, and then so the other one. They you don't really mean that.' I was the kind of mediator who always tried to make things right between them."

The conversation turns to show bus-

ness. (Startled in Ring Crosby's voice.) "So you live vicariously through the popular entertainers of the Thirties."

"Exactly."

"At any time in your own life, did you do the same? Strangely identical with certain music, like, yourself to certain songs?"

"When I was young, I used to do that with Frank Sinatra. No specific song, but the words to many of the songs he chose to sing. 'Only the Lonely, for example.'"

Some minutes later she interjects a thought to ask, with innocent candor. "When have you seen me in? What exactly have you seen me do?"

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*Is
his plans for
their future, no room was
left for the one who was living now.
In what, long ago, should
have been the
past*

BUILDING

FICTION BY JOY WILLIAMS

REMODELING THEIR HOUSE IS PETER'S IDEA. KATHERINE likes it the way it is. It is an old, sprawling wooden house with small dark rooms. The plantings around it are old too, obvious from their type as well as their size. There are huge traveler's-trees, which aren't popular anymore, lining the driveway. This is on a key on the west coast of Florida, a key upon which the population has quadrupled in the last four years. Katherine has lived on the key for eight years and is forever finding herself telling new acquaintances how much everything has changed. These people all live in condos on the beach and are unapologetic, articulate, and drink in moderation. Katherine hasn't made a friend out of a new acquaintance in a long time.

Katherine first saw their house, and Peter, with her friend Anne, who was house hunting. Peter is in real estate. He's very successful now and has his own business, but then he was just getting started, working for someone else, and he was showing this house for sale on a Sunday afternoon. Peter grinned at Katherine as though he had met her before, which he had not. Anne thought the house was too dark, which it was, but Katherine liked it, at least she was not in the position to buy anything. The house was a relic of the recent past in a neighborhood that had grown up around it. Peter told Katherine

that he was thinking of buying it himself, it was such a good investment. Then he asked her to dinner, and three months after that they got married.

It is Katherine who has prevented Peter from improving their house before this. But the house had got rot, it needed a new roof, new wiring. Really, remodeling was inevitable. Actually, little of the old house will remain. Now that Peter has convinced Katherine of the need to remodel, he encourages her to debate the decisions he makes.

"I want to lose an argument with you every so often," he says. "That way the house will be torn the way we both want it."

But Katherine doesn't have arguments with Peter. Peter never argues with any-

Joy Williams is the author of four novels: *State of Grace* and *The Company*. This story is from her forthcoming collection *Strong Girls and Other Stories*, to be published this spring by Doubleday.



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one. All their friends are amazed, for example, at how well he gets along with the women involved in the remodeling. It's unusual, their friends say, not to get along with some, if not most, of these people in the long run, but Peter gets along with them all—the carpenter, the electrician, the plumber, the dry wall and mudroom crew, the mason, the bricklayer, the painter—whereas Katherine finds it difficult to converse with any of these people. Her jaw aches from pinching the fusion of concern. There is a basic misunderstanding between Katherine and all of them. They think she is concerned in what is going to happen, and she's not.

"This is a house that will tell your story the way you want your story told," the architect says.

"Heart ache up, heart ache out. Always," the carpenter says. It is referring to boards.

The plumber says, "This is a beautiful job. You should take good care of this job." The dry-wall man says, "You were smart not to make square rooms. A square room is an accident, people."

The electrician, a tall, quiet boy, says nothing. He looks like someone Katherine knew once, but she doesn't think she's actually met him before. Once, all the young men she knew looked like that.

Peter and Katherine's friends have told them that they "complement" each other by which they mean that Katherine is dark and rather plain and serious, and Peter is pale and energetic and generous.

They're both married for five years. Katherine has heard that this is a dangerous time, statistically speaking. However, she was married to her first husband for only ten months, so she feels she has done her part to make statistics meaningless. Katherine's first husband's name was Peter also, although everyone called him by his middle name, which was Travis. Even so, Katherine finds that she doesn't call Peter by his name very often.

She sometimes calls him "Daddy" as "Here's looking at you, baby," when the first drink of the evening is about to be drunk. She still knows that Peter uses her name very often often. Katherine suspects that, more or less, this is the way married people are with each other.

Peter and Katherine have created a house to live in while the remodeling is going on. Katherine has arranged for this—it is the same as beach house on the south-eastern end of the key where she lived before she met Peter, after her divorce from Travis. She was united when she learned from the elderly owner of the property, Dewey Dobbs, that the house was cheap and available. Over the years, Dewey has driven a succession of owners and had had with him and now pension by refusing to sell his large, un-

dermost holdings on the Gulf of Mexico. There are condominiums in both the wind and east of him, pressed against his boundaries, towering high above the pine trees that shade his three lovely bungalows—the house that Peter and Katherine have rented, Dewey's own, and a row of best about that Dewey rents to two sisters.

Katherine is happy about living at the beach house. It is little more than a shack, really—small, hot, and purely with no style. On the living room wall is a twenty-pound model that Dewey once caught in 1947. There are straw mats on the floor and redwood in the ceiling. The water has a lighty saltwater odor, and there is a light breeze that blows from a T-Dee-Evea Pringle cap. The clock Katherine wears the children of the King and must be emptied daily. Katherine takes a few clothes, a few books, a tube of zinc oxide, and moves in.

Peter doesn't share Katherine's enthusiasm for the shack. Actually, he hates it, but it doesn't matter, he's seldom there. The work is very hard, and he comes home late. When he has any spare time, he spends it at their "real" house, as he refers to it, watching the construction. He and Katherine are being exceptionally nice with each other. It is a difficult time. Their friends say—the therapists, the doctors—basically everything, thanks to Peter, goes along smoothly. Katherine is not sure that he has another hour in something that doesn't annoy her, and Peter is not attracted by her neuroticism.

Katherine feels that she must have learned something about marriage from having been married before that is one warning to her benefit. However, she doesn't know quite what it is or how, actually, it works.

Katherine is currently unemployed. In the past, she has made jewelry or elaborate wooden puzzles that she has sold at craft fairs. She has made jewelry for a catering service. She has taught classes at a botanical garden in town. She is good at verbs, and once she wanted to be a carpenter on a cruise ship to the Bahamas, but she has never done that. When she had been married to Travis, she had done some work. The two of them specialized in clearing and trimming shrubs and palms. They conscientiously refused those jobs where they were required to take down trees they thought were beautiful. About once a month, someone would want them to remove a one-hundred-year-old live oak on the assumption that a situation would arise in which a ferociously simple word would come upon the night and tear off one of the tree's massive limbs and send it through the roof of their own house.

It might be the best thing that they had ever done. Katherine and Travis would work. The two of them specialized in clearing and trimming shrubs and palms. They conscientiously refused those jobs where they were required to take down trees they thought were beautiful. About once a month, someone would want them to remove a one-hundred-year-old live oak on the assumption that a situation would arise in which a ferociously simple word would come upon the night and tear off one of the tree's massive limbs and send it through the roof of their own house.

It might be the best thing that they had ever done. Katherine and Travis would work. The two of them specialized in clearing and trimming shrubs and palms. They conscientiously refused those jobs where they were required to take down trees they thought were beautiful. About once a month, someone would want them to remove a one-hundred-year-old live oak on the assumption that a situation would arise in which a ferociously simple word would come upon the night and tear off one of the tree's massive limbs and send it through the roof of their own house.

were not. They would drive by late and the tree would be gone. They would find an small mushroom in its place, and bright sun would be streaming down everywhere. Then, at the damp time was when the damp was still small and new animals were nearby, Dewey's own, and she would be there, chopped and scattered, its branches and green in the soil.

There had been a beautiful live oak in front of the house she had lived in with Travis in the days of their first marriage. Neither the house nor the live oak was, both having recently been leveled so that a cement block River-A-Closet could be built on the site. People near their condominiums during the height of the season and store their personal belongings there. Katherine had seen that Katherine knew that this very thing. When she was married to Travis and they had one of their frequent arguments and he left the house, Katherine would often climb high up in the live oak and stay there and he would return. After that, she had understood a while, she would climb back down and summer through the door, trying to give the impression that she had been somewhere else, at a bar or with friends or even with a friend, talking. She wanted him to think she was with Travis, but she was, she had an old black Jaguar XJ-600 convertible and a passion. With Peter, she has a new Volvo station wagon and a turkey.

Peter and Katherine have a turkey because they went to a communal farm on Thanksgiving Day and the live turkey was the grand prize in a short game. The host, a wealthy man who has made a fortune in swimming pool construction, is a good friend of Peter's. He is going to install a caged pool for them at one of his properties. The Thanksgiving turkey was a delicious surprise. On Halloween, he gave a party at which he had an open casket on the lawn filled with Big Macs. On Thanksgiving, there were huge quantities of meat, pie, watermelon, and apples. Near Katherine and Peter was in a car, but the weather did not want the turkey and the rainers up didn't want it either, so at the end of the evening, Peter and Katherine loaded the turkey and apples and took it home. It seemed as though they had to do the same.

There are three things that Katherine feels are very nice about the turkey. One is the way sunlight hits through its red feathers, making some almost transparent. Two is the way the turkey, which are a cross between an electronic game and a screaming dove. And three is that Katherine has lost very much. They are summer, grassy, green. Bats flap fast. They are fast in a story in which the hero is a soldier in the very beginning. I will go I know I know, I shall bring back I know not what.

It is a bit incredible to have a turkey. All their friends say this, but Katherine

death would happen. As far as Katherine knew, she was married to Peter and Katherine felt that everyone had certain degree of happiness that happened to them, certain kinds of things and then sometimes Travis had enclosed circles and sometimes Katherine had. Even now, she seems to be smiling on the last that she would not be married to him even if she had not died.

W hen Travis and Katherine got their divorce, his mother had been very upset. "Why are you doing that?" she asked Katherine in a letter. "I don't understand. Think, goodness there are no children. Why do you have to leave? What there had been a baby. Of course, he would have been suffering. Why would he? Katherine feels that if she had had an earlier child, it would be easier for her to have one now. She feels that the doesn't know what she has lost. She has a child, and Peter doesn't mind this, but if she did have a child, it would be fine, but it would be such a sin, really. But there is no child that Katherine has with Peter, and there was no child she had with Travis. She had a child, but she had a child, she had an old black Jaguar XJ-600 convertible and a passion. With Peter, she has a new Volvo station wagon and a turkey.

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doesn't mind being considered a little eccentric. On Thanksgiving, Katherine walked around the party collecting wine, then took it to her home and use it in a cooking recipe that Thru's mother had once sent to her. Katherine had never had the opportunity to try the recipe before because it called for certain quantities. "Isn't she a little young to be so eccentric?" the hostess asked Peter, laughing as Katherine dropped half-rotten watermelon in a plastic bag. Katherine took the remark as a compliment.

"What on earth are you going to do with a turkey?" Thru's mother writes. "Julia Child says that Americans should grow their own vegetables and raise rabbits to cut down on their food bills. Is something like that your intention?"

Thru's mother is a dancer. For example, she never mentions her act, but if she weren't always dancing about him, why would she continue to correspond with Katherine? When they were first married, she gave Katherine some photographs of Thru as a little boy, and when they got divorced, Katherine retained them.

Katherine told her that they were breaking up because they had different dreams. This wasn't exactly true, but the explanation sounded vague enough to be acceptable. When Thru's mother asked that Katherine was nervous about starting a divorce, he reassured her of having no conception of the real world. "The real world is hidden by your imagination," he said.

Katherine doesn't think she has much of an imagination. She had never imagined, for instance, that she would have stopped loving Thru's and that he would have died and that she would spend so much of her time now remembering him.

Katherine has definitely imagined her life at all, not that she has to, she thinks, after all, it's happening to her, her life, she doesn't have to imagine it, and trying to imagine the way her life had been with Thru always makes her feel as though a bone were caught in her throat. The things they possessed together have vanished. The dog had gone through two transmutations, a gas tank, and a broken over head and had to be sold, and after they decided upon the divorce, it seemed quite reasonable to give the house to her. Thru used to buy Ping-Pong balls and baby aspirin says for the house to play with. He kept grapes in his start packet for the house to pick out. They had bought the bed in a pet store for forty-five dollars, which was a terrific extravagance for them. Now Katherine has been they cost two thousand dollars. They are arranged into the country by men wearing grey hose beneath their trousers. The party has held the baby birds before but always there to breathe. No one that Katherine knows has a house, but their image frequently appears on shirts, and hanging from the ceiling in an elegant little shop

but her friend Annie runs, there is a larger-than-life silk house on a machine house.

Times have changed, Katherine thinks, and when she thinks of the words, they appear like one of Peter's noisy computer programs in her brain—THRU'S NAME. It's not the same. The house she is a little young to be thinking like this.

DURING THE REMORSEFUL, KATHERINE spends all her time on the beach and in the shade. She goes to the other house only to find the turkey Peter could find it, but Katherine feels responsible for this peculiarity in their lives. She tries to avoid looking at the house, but that is difficult. It is becoming larger and is about to make a statement of some sort—an expensive, sleek, convoluted statement. Katherine prefers studying the turkey, an amazing feat, its warty, inked neck of coloring, its carotid.

Every morning, Katherine visits Dewey. Nothing has changed in his house. He is old, but he has always been old. Even the plastic-oceanic electric "environment" that Katherine remembers from years before and sits on top of the inflexible. The house is full of colorful, turquoise water that flows and falls in a simulation of falling water. It reminds her of Thru. Katherine doesn't know why. Thru had never seen it.

One day, Katherine notices that there is no longer a pan of water outside Dewey's dog.

"Don't you still get out water for the seahorse?" Katherine asks.

The old man looks baffled.

"You used to get out water for the seahorse and the turtle, and they'd come right up to the door."

"I can't remember that," Dewey says. Dewey is a cripple who swims around on crutches. One night, years before, he was walking home from the grocery with a pet all contained on a leash when a car struck him, crushing his legs. The woman kept right on driving. When the police later apprehended her, she told them she had heard music, but she thought she had just knocked a garbage can.

"How much of life is like that, are you right?" Dewey says. "I was in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Dewey has immense shoulders and a high-pitched, crackling voice, and his house smells of lavender and flowers. He has a bouquet of flowers delivered to his house every week. He also has the newspaper delivered every morning, and after he reads it, he puts it carefully back together again so that it looks like a continuous page of an unbroken paper and gives it to Katherine.

Sometimes, Katherine has a drink with Dewey in the evening, before Peter comes home from work.

"Where's your husband?" Dewey asks. "Is he still home with his seahorse?"

Katherine says her drunk and looks through Dewey's grocery windows at the setting sun. She feels confused. "He's very involved in our house," she finally says. "But he isn't here."

"He is not here," Dewey says, these earlier boys? Dewey asks. They're good boys. The only book they own is the Bible. When they're not studying, they're reading the Bible. They're waiting for the Rapture. "What's the Rapture?" Katherine asks.

"It's I understand it," Dewey says, "that's when things get straightened out at last."

In the living room, Dewey has a large banner that is full of games and tricks. He has cards in his pocket, a picture is concealed. When one first looks at it, it appears to be a nonsensical, nonsensical design. But follow it at a certain angle using shadows of light and dark and depth perceptions is the likeness of a cow or a helicopter or a flying horse. Katherine is appalled in her childhood. Once the design becomes apparent, of course, it seems forever accessible to the eye. Katherine thinks that if she had a child, he would be fascinated with the contents of this banner.

Peter teaches his children about the seahorse, who are muscular and tanned with short blond hair. When the boys see Katherine, they smile and converse with her politely in their soft, gentle language. Katherine doesn't like with the seahorse. She feels older than them, that's all she feels.

Katherine is startled one morning to see the electrician's name in Dewey's newspaper. The article she notices says that his car was stolen outside a local bar and taken to the police station, where it remained locked. The seahorse rolled up tightly, in the parking lot for several days before it was discovered by police. The electrician's manager told her how found it in the car door's upholstery. The thought of the dog walking in the car at the man's feet makes Katherine feel lonely. The bar where the car was found has a package room where Katherine buys their liquor, and the seahorse why it was that she felt so down for some time. Seahorse during those days that the car was stolen. But if she had driven into the parking lot behind the package store, would she have been aware of the situation? She doesn't know, probably not.

Katherine buys a sympathy card, a card that shows a tree on a rock, looks up at the electrician's address in the phone book, and sends it to him. When Thru died, some of Katherine's friends sent her sympathy cards and some, not knowing the etiquette of the situation, did not. Katherine has never sent a sympathy card in her life before, but she does now to the happy electrician whose dog died, and she weeps as she signs her name. She never

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Katherine taps the horn and there is a loud blast that wakes her jump in her seat. It's the sound of an ocean liner.

"I could have bought one that had eighty-one different sounds," Peter says. "It was a synthesizer that could make lions, birds, and the sound of a car. You could make car sounds, UFO sounds, animal yelps, ambulance and police-siren sounds, everything."

"I love this," Katherine says, and she does, but she will have to act need to leaving the horn. She waves at the horn. She is not that kind of a driver. She taps the horn again.

"Do you love me?" Peter asks.

"Yes," Katherine says.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, Katherine goes to the house with Peter. He is going to plant four citrus trees and a pecan tree. Katherine is going to poison the ants. She measures everything carefully and pours the poison through a basket into the hills.

"There goes their breakfast meal!" Peter calls to her encouragingly. "There goes their breakfast meal!"

Katherine measures and mixes. She moves from end of the property to the other, pouring the sticky green liquid into the mounds.

"There goes their ball game," Peter says. He sets a lemon tree firmly in a hole, taps the earth down around it, agitates the green leaves lightly with a hose. The pecan will grow between the citrus and, losing its leaves in winter, will allow the sun to shine through its bare branches and ripen the fruit below in the springtime, when the citrus is in neither fruit nor flower, the pecan is in neither leaf nor nut. Katherine wishes Peter to be wiser. She tries to remember the last words Travis ever said to her, the very last words. She can't. She swaps the empty bottle of poison calmly in newspaper and walks in the trash. She runs water from an outside spigot and washes her hands. She goes over to the turkey's pen. The turkey looks at her with vacant dignity. She lends it pieces of bread and grass through the wire.

"We'll have a big party when this is all finished," Peter says. "We're going to have a wonderful time in this house."

In the last room, behind a fence, someone starts a chain saw. The turkey shrieks wildly in response. The turkey loves the sounds of chain saws, motorcycles, and sadder laughter.

"That's you," Katherine says, pointing through the trees at the shack of a distant road. "We were never able to see a house over there before."

"They're subdividing the land," Peter says. "They're subdividing the land."

"Everything's changing," Katherine says.

"We won't notice this," Peter says.

"We'll plant some more trees." When Katherine doesn't reply, Peter says, "I know things change now and I do not care. It's all been changed for me. Let it all change. We'll be gone before it's changed too much. I want that if you look around it, get very much the same as it was always."

Katherine looks at him.

"Anyway," Peter says.

"Yes, let's have a drink," Katherine says.

KATHERINE SITS AT THE KITCHEN table in the beach shack and writes out invitations for the party Peter's planned. As she writes and signs an envelope, she thinks of a friend Travis once of his law. The 7 shot and was extremely nice. It had something to do with a vegetarian restaurant where one of their friends worked as a waiter. The shot was dark blue and had white lettering. She remembers it clearly. She had said to the assistant in a letter from Travis's mother, who writes that she has sat with a black-and-white television set in a soft drink contest. "I paid this little plastic beer out of the bottle cap and there it was, a little picture of a TV." The first time in my life I ever was anything. I am drinking it to the church, however, as I already have a nice TV.

Katherine and Travis's mother have been keeping in touch now for seven years.

Katherine puts everything down on the invitation except the date, which she'll fill in later. She and Peter do not know the date of the party because the house isn't finished yet. There have been delays. The weather has been unusually cold and rainy, and the construction has been slow and hasn't been able to work. But even though the work is not completed, they will have to return to the house. For the last few years, they had rented the beach shack for the month of February in a couple from Canada, and they've arrived late tonight. After Katherine finishes the invitations, she will sweep the porch and go home. She and Peter will live in their unfinished house and in a while it will be finished and they will be there.

Katherine walks out to the beach. It is very cold, the sky is gray, the water white with swirls. Freezing temperatures are predicted for the night. Dewey has told her that thirty years ago there was such a severe freeze that even the manurebirds died. Katherine wishes the boys left at their black belt area. They are waiting for the beachly shout and the trumpet call, and while they wait, they wait. Katherine wishes them and they begin to shiver. Back at the shack, she calls Peter on the telephone and tells him she's just finishing up. He doesn't have to pick her up in the car, she'll walk home.

"It's too cold," Peter says.

"No, I want to."

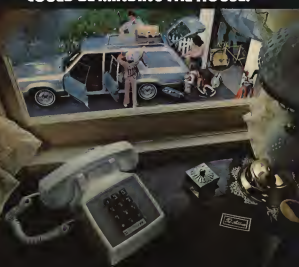
"I'll warm you up when you get home." Katherine sweeps the shack carefully. She scans the walls and takes all the silverware out of the tray and checks it to make sure it's clean. The sun goes down, filling the room with red light. When she finally leaves the shack, she walks north along the beach to the side with the ocean. A small parcel of land that hasn't been developed yet and it still in oysters and cabbage palms. She passes through this to the housing three-line road that leads to the key, crosses the road, and enters their neighborhood a Venetian labyrinth of streets that have with the sounds of sprinkler systems and pool filters.

In her lot, Peter has covered the newly planted citrus with plastic sheeting to protect them from the cold. He has covered the elephant's ear, the daffodils, the roses. Katherine walks her way past the outmoded photo to the house, which is ablaze with lights, with yellow and red and orange and green by thousands of lights. The house is high, all angles and patch, bleached wood and glass. Katherine puts the bag of invitations she has been carrying down on the ground and chews on her nails, which smell of Gaiety. She knows she is worrying about something that has already happened, something in the past that she should resist worrying about. She stands outside in the cold dark and looks into the house at Peter, who is making himself a drink. She watches him as he fills a second glass with ice. It is a plastic stained glass with a felt policeman roving between the walls of the vacuum seal. It is Katherine's glass, the one she has indicated a preference for. Peter's glass has a piece of scotch tape.

There is a fire burning in the new line-scan fireplace, and Peter stands before it looking at it while Katherine looks into the room, at Peter. Furniture is pushed against the walls, and barrels and rolls of screening are stacked in a corner. Some of the furniture is covered with sheets to protect it from dust.

Peter walks through the lighted rooms toward Katherine but doesn't see her. He goes to the telephone, and she can tell by the numbers he dials that he is calling the beach house. They both wait while the phone rings and rings. Katherine moves even farther from the house and cradles by the turkey pen, which Peter has covered with a piece of plastic that doesn't quite reach to the ground. She remembers how she used to know from Travis long ago and wonders when it was exactly that all her dreams and attitudes about herself were reduced to the pervasive misery of a dead boy. She knows the will go into the house now and be with Peter on this, the saddest night in many years, but for the moment she waits outside in the dark. Beside her, in the pen, only the turkey's lank legs are visible, its impossible feet being hidden in straw. **Q**

YOUR PHONE COULD BE MINDING THE HOUSE.



Whether you're planning to be gone for a few days or for just a few hours, your phone can leave the impression you're still home.

Call Forwarding is a special service that automatically sends your calls to any number you want. A friend's, say. Or a relative's. Then your phone won't ring unanswered. And no one will know you're really miles away.

Get Call Forwarding, available in most areas, and get a little peace of mind. The Bell PhoneCenter Store. It's for you.

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REMEMBRANCE OF FLINGS PAST

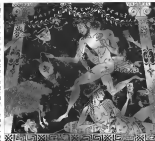
All best to New Year's Eve, the most night of the year

LIKE EVERYONE else, I imagine, my memories of long-gone New Year's Eve celebrations are vague. Unlike remembrances of love affairs past, of which one tends to remember only the good things, the recollections I have of New Year's celebrations are all but head-proof that New Year's Eve never any fun. All that forced fun and laughter, the excessive drinking and singing, and worst of all, this knowing, slow-motion spinning and hugging people one would never be caught dead shaking hands with on any other day of the year.

Another reason I dislike New Year's Eve is that I am against having too many public holidays. They disrupt life, are prohibitive to a select few, and do nothing to the welfare of all the people. The reason I dislike New Year's Eve, in this infinite wisdom, is that I don't believe only one (Dionysian) festival each year, during which they get stoned on magic mushrooms, get boozed on pinot, and copulated with everything on four legs or less. The next day everyone went back to work. The point is that to enjoy things, one must not indulge too often.

Take the Scots, for example. A hard-working people, they barely go out on Hogmanay, which is what they call their New Year's Eve. They should create a reason, throw the obscenities into bags, beat up all ethnic minorities, such as the Irish and the English, and drink more Scotch than Joe Kennedy ever dreamed of selling during prohibition.

Similarly, the Italians, who are not known for their contributions, tend to infect as much disease during San Silvestro (the Italian version of New Year's Eve) as the Scots. In 1991 I was invited to spend New Year's in a fifteen-century palazzo in Naples. I was supposed to be a New-palazzo d'art nouveau. After the ritualistic toasting and hand shaking at midnight, I decided to take a stroll outside. I had to walk more than a hundred feet when a foreman's secretary shoved me head and hands out to the shoulder. I looked up in time to see a large piece of furniture descending upon me as an obscuring speed-



I cut for cover. Just a light sweater and jeans, pants, gloves, and a cat were thrown my way. I figured that the neighborhood had got wind of a Gonzo's presence, and none of the richer and better his countrymen had noticed on the Italian dinner World War II. I thought it a normal Italian response. After I sneaked back into the palazzo, however, my hosts told me that hearing live animals and objects on the windows on New Year's Eve had nothing to do with the palatial performance of the Italian circus in Athens in 1946. It is simply an Italian custom.

Another New Year's I remember rather well is that of 1954. My father, a great philanthropist, was pursuing a lady who had just been married to a friend of his. They all went to Palm Beach for the honeymoon, and old Dad took me along to act as a smoke screen. In order to keep the happy my father got into a brand-new Thunderbird, the first model that Ford put out. Needless to say, I was ready to die anything for Daddy. The New Year's Eve we went to the Everglades Club. By midnight I was completely drunk. Blindness had set in with a vengeance, for at a number one or two I was to be a seventeen-year-old between ancient kachal artists. During my stay in Palm Beach I had made friends with Sam Payne. Errol Flynn's son, who had a motorcycle and thought my T-bird was for

old ladies. That night at the Everglades, I challenged him to a game. At the end of the night, I was drunk and drunk away inside. We adjourned to the exclusive out into a beautiful mansion in the back of the club. A third round game of pool and we moved out into the night. I was on acceleration, but he caught up with me as we swung around some sized doors. After a while we called it a night.

The next morning, with my head feeling as if I had spent a week with the Fletcher Kellums, I was rudely roused out of bed by my father, who—unbelievably—was suddenly very angry. A man with an enormous Scottish and Irish boots was in the drawing room. He asked me to get down to the pool table and see that the mounds on which we had been sitting all around the night before were the Everglades Club's golf course and its greens.

In 1971 my friend John Zogopoulos and I got a party in the bowling alley of our hotel in London to welcome the New Year. About three a.m., Zogopoulos and I went upstairs to the bar. On the way back down we saw two women. As incredible misty winds and taking into consideration our inebriated state, we found them terribly good-looking. We walked them to the New Year's Eve, and then, even more incredibly, one of the women stopped Zogopoulos and began fondling him. We both almost passed out with perverse excitement and guilt. However, we soon got over it. The "mist" in misted ladies were two French hookers out for the night to meet some quick cash. They were headed out by the hotel manager, in spite of our protests. Since the world of the middle class is it okay to go drunk and say a lot of things one doesn't mean on New Year's Eve, but two working girls are not allowed to make a little extra money.

So, keeping in mind what Scotland, Italy, Palm Beach, and Oxford can come up with on New Year's Eve, a happy New Year to you all.

TAKE THE DISCOGRAPHY TO A LONDON
head correspondent and author

The Esquire

Early warnings, inner soundings, offbeat comments, gratuitous advice

THE
SOCIETY PAGE
New Year's Eve

ALL THE days and weeks of the year lead to New Year's Eve and the great annual accounting we make of our lives. I am preparing mine this year. For the first time, I've quit a job, published an article, dated a girl who does commercials, played squash, visited a tailor, out-dressed my checking account, stolen a can of tuna fish from a supermarket, driven without a license, applied for a credit card, had a marriage proposal, and bought a television. I've visited eleven cities. I've been to three weddings and witnessed the breaking of one marriage. One couple I know bought a house, another had a child. I've had two entirely new sexual experiences, both of them stuporous. (I think that's lucky.) I've watched twenty-one movies and only two plays. Remarkably, I haven't seen the same New Year's Eve twice. I haven't cried because of my father's death. One of my ex-girls, I guess, saw the other.

What do you think? Is this a good year?

I AM impressed at the way my friends lead their lives. Most of them are glamorous people, and this year, particularly, they have been tortured. They are suffering a severe pain syndrome, and having had a state of what they've been suffering, spend much of their time doing for territory. One fellow is a woman who is getting published in magazines as nature's ugliest and most people hating. Her speech is terrible. It is not usual for her to call me in the middle of the night to read me a sentence. "Isn't that terrific?" he says. "Well, bitch, another." Once he introduced me to a woman he didn't tend to connect. I took me aside. "She's a go-



me," he said. "Can you tell?" I thought he was a little pretty and has a loud mouth. "You are an effing jerk," she tells me. "Don't you think she's beautiful?" he wants to know. There is only one way for me to answer all these questions. "No," I tell him, so softly I can whisper. And he laughs and laughs.

Six weeks ago I signed up as a Red Sox fan. I was in a room with a photo of a guy I knew. His head was tilted and his legs crossed awkwardly, in the pose of a consciousness that is shared by the elevated and the nearly famous. I called him. He told me that his new album would be out soon, that his wife was in law school, and that his son had been born with a heart murmur. I was bored, and I had never known he played guitar.

AT THE beginning of season I met to a married friend. "It is now September and I will have no plans for New Year's Eve." She didn't get it. But if you are single and don't tend to connect, you know who I

mean. It was a marvelous occasion, drunken, sparkling, sexy. The men were not as eager as we gripped each other by the elbows and engaged in our stomachs. The women, on the other hand, were something else. Everything about them was mysterious. The married ones, the unmarried ones, all of them seemed sickly to me. They were dressed elegantly and would approach you full of promises, touch your arm with their moist fingertips, whisper, and then vanish into the dance floor somewhere. They stayed only long enough to leave a little perfume.

Of course, I ended the night at the arms of my old girlfriend. We danced the way we once had, with her head nestled under my chin. I asked her about her husband.

"He didn't want to come, thank God," she said. I ran to you. I know to be so of the mercy of nostalgia, but it was of two much for me. During a fall in the music I said, "I still love you. Hope you know what I mean by that." She gave me a look that I remembered.

We agreed on a kiss. It was sweet but not lingering. When it was over, she kicked her hips a little, sort of checking them, and looked away, switching me as if I'd been striking her. "That was weird," she said. She left quickly after that, she appeared, and I had a sudden vision of New Year's Eve, of some classic stability, of grace, of being in costume. —B.M.

THE
URBAN DWELLER

New York Escapist

DURING A busy lunch hour on Thirty-fourth Street, I was moving along slowly with the crowd on the sidewalk when a young female looking man

directly at me was stopped by an attractive



Consumer Orientation
No. 16 in a Series
Subject: Vehicle Cooperation
and Responsiveness
as a Design Objective

16

Porsche 928

The ultimate driving experience is when car and driver become one. The car provides the driver with accurate information as to what it is doing and what the road conditions are. The driver reacts, in turn, by steering, accelerating, or braking. And the car responds—instantly, predictably, and precisely. This integration of car and driver reaches virtual perfection in the Porsche 928. Priced at more than \$38,000, the 928 is the finest Porsche ever built.

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A car's fundamental characteristics are determined largely by the positioning of its main inertial masses.

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On a dry surface, the 928 can come to a full stop from 60 mph in as little as 148 feet. Again and again.

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